A SANSKRIT COURT EPIC

Prithvirajavijaya

The Victory of Prithviraja

Complete English Translation

with an introduction and summaries of all twelve sargas

JAYANAKA

Introduction

Prithvirajavijaya, 'The Victory of Prithviraja,' is a Sanskrit court epic attributed to Jayanaka. Its surviving twelve sargas combine dynastic memory, sacred geography, royal biography, martial praise, mythology, and elaborate mahakavya poetics. The poem moves from the divine preparation of the Chahamana line to the birth and youth of Prithviraja, then toward war, kingship, and the king's encounter with the image and story of Tilottama.

The poem is at once historical memory and royal imagination. Its kings are placed within solar and lunar genealogies, compared with Rama, Vishnu, Shiva, and other divine figures, and praised through the formal brilliance of classical Sanskrit poetry. Sacred places such as Pushkara and Shakambhari become active participants in the dynasty's destiny. The result is not a modern chronicle but a courtly vision of sovereignty, lineage, protection, devotion, and fame.

This English edition is arranged for continuous reading while preserving exact reference. A label such as 4.70 or 11.104 corresponds directly to the same sarga and verse number in the Sanskrit volume. Each sarga begins on a new page with a short synopsis to orient the reader. Those synopses are editorial additions and stand outside the numbered translation.

This reader's edition reproduces the complete verified English translation prepared from the supplied Sanskrit volume. Every numbered entry corresponds to the same sarga and verse number in that source. The brief summaries beneath the sarga titles are new editorial guides and are not part of Jayanaka's verse. Where the source is damaged, concise bracketed notices preserve the loss rather than inventing missing text. The surviving witness itself breaks off during Sarga 12.

BOOK OF THE VICTORY

Sarga 1

After invocations to gods, sages, and the great poets, the poem turns to sacred Pushkara. Brahma laments the desecration of holy places and appeals to Vishnu for protection. The sarga closes with the gods watching an immense radiance descend from the Sun, heralding a divinely charged champion.

1.1 | [The verse is lost in the source.]

1.2 | Three eyes short, Kumara seems to atone for the offence of surpassing his father. [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] May he protect you.

1.3 | May Valmiki protect you - born from the anthill, poetry incarnate, a sun of insight illuminating themes untouched before - who composed first, while Dasharatha's son arose only afterward.

1.4 | May Vyasa protect you - the maker of a poem that is a heaven whose seasons are the six systems of philosophy, an ocean whose islands are the Puranas, a realm at the heart of the seas of the Vedas, and the sky of the planets of grammar. [Part of the verse is lost in the source.]

1.5 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.]

1.6 | [The verse is lost in the source.]

1.7 | When villains contrive the destruction of fine poetry, their minds remain keen even beneath thunderbolts; yet Fire himself released Bhasa's Vishnudharmas from his mouth like mercury.

1.8 | Those who pose as poets among the learned and as learned men among poets may win a name for omniscience in assemblies of fools through the abuse bestowed by truly learned poets.

1.9 | The villain drives away poets left without royal protection and hides them, like treasure jars concealed in the earth by the Creator behind the black serpents of envy, attainable only through the power of merit. [Part of the verse is lost in the source.]

1.10 | A learned man who imitates a poet and tries to conceal his learning - does he not befriend eunuchs hostile to beautiful women? [Part of the verse is lost in the source.]

1.11 | The river Sarasvati flows between the twin banks of poetry and learning: on one side her current is nectar, on the other it is the poison of envy.

1.12 | Though rich in accomplishments, a scholar is merely fit to be seated, like the lotus that serves as Brahma's seat; but when deliberation is called for, poets become the ruler's advisers.

1.13 | What the lord of the gods, disciple of the Lord of Speech, cannot see with a thousand eyes, the poet's single eye becomes ever more capable of discerning.

1.14 | Even pure scholarship is unfit for refining the speech of true poets; seekers of purity do not cast ash into water drawn for drinking. [Part of the verse is lost in the source.]

1.15 | A poet should reveal his excellence only after gauging his judges' taste; a physician, seeing a delicate constitution, does not prescribe a drastic remedy.

1.16 | Were the scholars' incurable ear-fever on hearing “He is a poet” not everlasting, then, with Learning appointed as their go-between, they would indeed be fit to embrace the Goddess of Liberation.

1.17 | The sunstone-villains blaze, but what can they do to the rays of sunlike true poets? They burn only fame's creeper, rooted on the summit of a king's arm, when it stands close beside them.

1.18 | Though defiled by the duplicity and caprice of learned men swollen with envy and pride, this sandalwood shoot of a master poet's speech never loses its native fragrance.

1.19 | The very fact that slanderers see in good men the mass of faults lodged within themselves proclaims the perfect purity of those jewel-like mirrors.

1.20 | As eager as a good man is for virtues - [Most of the verse is lost in the source.]

1.21 | Just as a man conceals within himself the same fault or virtue that he hides in another, so too, by exposing it in another, he reveals it within himself.

1.22 | The handmaid called Literature wipes away the dust of incoherence from the seats of learning, which stand as stairways to the inner chamber of the goddess of speech.

1.23 | A good man may lose his nature through negligence, but a wicked man never rises to goodness: sandalwood and the like can lose their fragrance, yet garlic never acquires a sweet scent.

1.24 | Though he has acquired learning, a wicked man knows neither the way up to heaven nor what should be done even in this world. The enemies of fish may fly through the sky, yet they never know how to travel on land.

1.25 | [The opening quarter is lost in the source.] A base man receives greater honour in a royal court than elsewhere: even a footless serpent travels faster in water than on land.

1.26 | A king who appreciates delightful poetry yet fails to protect the works of master poets from bad scholars is sure to abandon his pet parrots while pet cats kill them.

1.27 | That learned men seek to destroy poets before kings who embody the splendour of the Guardians of the Directions is the kings' indifference to the law of the fishes, taught to them by Varuna.

1.28 | On seeing a poet, what can the learned accomplish through envy, their faces and brilliance darkened? Vishvarupa, foremost among the learned, is himself the cause of the poet's renown.

1.29 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] Let the learned hasten to purify virtue.

1.30 | Only a poet understands the essence of poetic rasa; those hardened by logical debate do not. Can a mahout discern the faults and merits of one skilled in the lore of horses?

1.31 | Even the First Poet, though free of desire, composed a poem on Rama before Rama was born. But how could one such as I, honoured by a king, remain indifferent to the making of poetry?

1.32 | As I set about spreading the king's glories, white as snow's own brothers, let the entire company of learned men blaze up like rival kings.

1.33 | May he who came to embody Rama - giving kings a standard of comparison and master poets a subject for praise - abide in my heart as the listener.

1.34 | Or may the Sun and Moon - who come together once each month as though to heighten the whiteness of the fame and the fierceness of the majesty of the kings of their respective dynasties - serve as judges of my poem.

1.35 | Even in childhood, the glories of Someshvara's son - mighty and master of six tongues - triumph: they playfully conquer the stars and come to the aid of heaven's host.

1.36 | Once long ago, after bowing to the Ancient Person, whose yogic sleep had spread to its fullness, the Other-born Brahma - enthroned upon the thousand-petalled lotus from that god's navel - joined his palms and made this petition.

1.37 | Just as no trace of suffering touches me while I dwell here in your lotus, so on earth I dwell happily at the holy place Pushkara, protected by you.

1.38 | You are renowned as Lotus-Eyed and also bear a lotus in your navel. Because you are perpetually present there, people therefore call that holy place Tripushkara.

1.39 | The three-eyed god named Ajagandha dwells in that Tripushkara, as though, by gaining the power to purify the three worlds, he meant to humble the pride of the three-streamed Ganga.

1.40 | That was formerly my sacrificial ground. The three fire-filled altar pits that once stood there have now, through time's reversal, assumed a form made of water.

1.41 | Seekers of liberation do not rejoice in your realm, or mine, or Shiva's, as they do here through the presence of all three of us.

1.42 | All three lakes of Pushkara are purer even than Kailasa's crystal, pour forth nectar beyond the Ocean of Milk, and are vessels of holier fragrance than the lotus dwelling in the navel.

1.43 | That cool triad of lakes - the tears of joy in the eyes of Sarasvati, the threefold Veda, as she rested happily at Brahma's seats - now burns, my lord, even while you are present.

1.44 | Now that Kali's power has reduced the Bull to a single leg, in the manner of the Pashupata weapon, three-eyed Shiva, finding his mount unsteady, turns away from journeys through the three worlds.

1.45 | You too, having yielded to sleep in the night of the Kali age, have entered the state of a Jina: as though frightened by the thunder of your cloud-like hair, you have cast it away and settled into silence.

1.46 | In the Kali age, as assemblies of the twice-born cease their efforts to perform sacrifices and his enjoyment of oblations comes to an end, Indra has grown exceedingly weak.

1.47 | The earth is overwhelmed in Kali by the dreadful plague of drought caused by the assault on sacrifice; and so Kumara's peacock, its ardour spent, thwarts the Fire-born god's endeavour.

1.48 | The dynasty you exalted as Rama you have cut down in your Jina state. Seeing this, the Sun, uncertain of his own lineage, is dim today, like a learned man doubtful of his pedigree.

1.49 | O Hari, now that you have become an ascetic and made friends with the deer, this dwelling-place, Pushkara, has been overrun by the great menace of the elephant-like Mlecchas.

1.50 | Where I performed the concluding ablution at the end of the great sacrifice of creating the world, a Mleccha army now labours to destroy temples and Brahmin settlements.

1.51 | Formerly your two streams of joyful tears, the sister rivers Reva and Yamuna, entered there; now even the leavings of Mleccha wanderers who live nearby inevitably enter it.

1.52 | The line of Pushkara's bank, which once marked the downward bend of the eyes when the eleven Rudras, about to bathe, bowed their heads, is now lukewarm from Brahmin brides held captive by Mlecchas.

1.53 | There, the band of heavenly courtesans, once barred from bathing, secretly laughed at Shachi as she bathed--the courtesan of each successive lord of heaven; now women of the lowest rank, even while menstruating, plunge into those waters.

1.54 | Today sinners whose thirst remained unquenched by blood from the throats of their own horses--slit after being wearied by stages of desert travel--drink those waters, fit even for the ritual sipping of the nectar-fed gods.

1.55 | On the sacred bank where the Seven Seers once began cooking the finest rice pudding with the milk of the wish-fulfilling cow, Pulindas now seize fish and cook them alive.

1.56 | Uttanapada's son once practised austerities here to attain the immutable station of Dhruva; today sinners wholly devoted to sin are making the Avici hells easy to reach from Pushkara.

1.57 | There, after entering a web of lotus stalks, Indra purified the sin of going to Ahalya; through the power of this sacred ford he obtained eyes that were brothers to the lotuses.

1.58 | That sacred ford erased Agni's sin when he conceived a wicked desire for the wives of the Seven Seers; and Yama, after sipping its water, restrained his sinful desire for Yami.

1.59 | After bathing in its water, even the lord of the Rakshasas became fit to guard a direction. Knowing these waters alone to be his entire treasure, Varuna thinks, "What use is the salt ocean?"

1.60 | Judging it more purifying even than Fire, the Wind entered its service; and his antelope, blinded by the mirages of the desert tracts, never leaves that sacred bank.

1.61 | Seeing it move slowly along the farther bank and taking it for the humped bull of Shiva, Kubera, desiring gold, worships it with an eye to both profit and religious merit.

1.62 | When the Rudras, each bearing the heavenly river upon his head, assembled at the three Pushkaras, I believe the holiness of all fourteen worlds was gathered there.

1.63 | Not by the water dwelling upon Shiva's head, nor by that within my own water pot, nor even by your waters did you know the earth to be as holy as it is through those Pushkaras.

1.64 | By being seen they burn away the three afflictions; by being touched they drive off the three impurities; when revered they surpass the three twilight observances; and they make one forget Ganga's three streams.

1.65 | To attain liberation, even the heaven-dwelling gods worship me at each of the three twilights; and through that power, O Vishnu Trivikrama, your three strides spread throughout the three worlds.

1.66 | Through that same glory, the Three-Eyed God, though his trident had three points, regarded heaven as straw, won over Yama, lord of Trishanku's southern quarter, and reduced the three cities to straw.

1.67 | What need is there to say more? Having gained the three forms of ascendancy, joined the three powers with the three successes, gathered the three kinds of ally, and subdued the three kinds of enemy, kings set their endeavours ablaze.

1.68 | Even kings whose campaigns have succeeded as far as Mount Trikuta--after defeating the twelvefold circle of rulers and conquering the earth, thrice divided into three regions--are not worthy to attain it.

1.69 | Yet all three Pushkaras grant it through sight, touch, or mere proximity, though now, at the close of the three earlier ages, they have been sullied by the three kinds of suffering.

1.70 | Nor was that equality attained by the pushkara resting in a directional elephant's trunk, by the lotus moving in the graceful hand of the goddess of Speech, by the water connected with the source of speech, or by the sky that forms the path of the seven-horsed Sun--

1.71 | Nor was that equality attained by the proud drumhead played by Nandi when the Great Dancer performed, or by the blade set in your Nandaka - a cloud red with demon blood against the white moonlight.

1.72 | Throughout the three ages, each of those shared with the sacred place Pushkara no more than the distinction of its name; yet Pushkara itself robbed the wish-granting gem, cow, and tree of any claim to equality.

1.73 | Lotus-Eyed Lord, though you yourself remained reclining after finding the ocean insipid, this is no time for sleep; compassion must keep pace with the hour.

1.74 | When you rise, venerable Lord, for whom can wretched Kali remain a cause of fear? Once you act to break the terror of the three worlds, I perceive not even Dvapara - not the least shadow of doubt.

1.75 | Having spoken thus, Pushkara's creator fell silent for Pushkara's sake. At that same moment, the gaze of Janardana - resolved upon the imminent destruction of the Pisacha host - fell upon the radiant Sun.

1.76 | At once a blaze rose from the solar orb, as though it had again entered Tvastr's reach, after the demon-slayer made it the object of his other, solar eye. It rivalled the radiance of the hood-jewels that broke loose and fell from the serpent-reins as the tightly checked team bowed its heads while descending from the sky.

1.77 | “Is this the fiery linga that first arose, stretching from the Fire of Time to Shiva, now descending in reverse? If not, what is this immense radiance?” So the gods wondered within themselves as they witnessed the meeting of lotus-born Brahma and Vishnu, Lakshmi's beloved; that mass of light filled them with indescribable amazement.

BOOK OF THE VICTORY

Sarga 2

The gods wonder which ancient hero or divine power has emerged from the solar orb. The radiant figure is adorned, armed, and commissioned to protect the world. The poem then traces the glory of the Solar-born Chahamana line, ending with the rise of the celebrated ruler Vasudeva.

2.1 | Then a mass of flames, its fierce radiance unbroken, swiftly descended from the Sun's disk toward the earth, as fire springs from a sunstone beneath the rays of the solar eye.

2.2 | Is this Fire, after depositing in the Sun's orb offerings intended for Indra, springing from the sky with his form kindled by his friend the Wind, to take possession of the earth once more?

2.3 | Is this the Ocean himself embodied? Or is it the submarine fire sent by him, come to appease his daughter, who is in the grip of anger at his excessive love for Ganga?

2.4 | Is this the Moon, who at each new moon must beg for the ray named Sushumna, now about to display to the herbs that very ray, entrusted to him in full by the Sun?

2.5 | Is this Nalakuvara, son of the Guardian of the North, journeying earthward after coming to heaven for love of Rambha and being honoured there with wealth and brilliance by the Sun, grown brighter in the northern quarter?

2.6 | Is this Madana--though befriended by the nectar-rayed Moon, yet effaced by the radiance of the Moon-crested god--now estranged from the Moon, allied with the Sun, and descending to conquer the world?

2.7 | Is this Dhanvantari, physician and brother of the Lord of Herbs, long instructed by the Ashvins, harnessing the orb of the storehouse of light to make the whole earth free from illness?

2.8 | Is this Mars, son of Earth, endowed by the Sun upon entering a zodiacal sign with power to dispel the night, come to destroy upon his mother's lap the calamity wrought by the Mlecchas?

2.9 | Is this Ananta, admitted by the thighless Aruna as one of his own kind and taught by the Sun how to drive darkness from the earth, returning from the netherworld to protect it once more?

2.10 | Is this Aruna, to whom the thousand-footed Sun, pleased by devoted service, granted a pair of feet, descending to purify Pushkara, now beset by sin?

2.11 | Is this the Sun-born monkey Sugriva, freed through long service at Narayana's feet from the deformities imposed by animal bonds, now assuming another form after having learned in a former birth to destroy the Rakshasas?

2.12 | Is this Karna--once tormented by people for his birth to an unmarried woman--returning to earth after entering the Sun's disk through death in battle, his radiance now increased by a birth outside the womb?

2.13 | Is he another lamp of the world, kindled from the world's own lamp by the Lord's will? Or, fashioned from the radiance of the twelve Suns, is he the conqueror of twelve kings upon the earth?

2.14 | While the hosts of sky-dwellers debated thus because of his blazing majesty, a man--the confluence of the accumulated merit of the three worlds--issued from the midst of the Sun.

2.15 | Just as Guha once sprang from the celestial river's water and from Fire, so now, from yet another body of Maheshvara--the sacred solar orb--he arose again to destroy the enemies of the world.

2.16 | [A phrase is lost in the source.] He cast no shadow of his own, as though Shadow, Saturn's mother, finding no scope beside the radiant play of his innate ornaments, had been forbidden even the status of his likeness.

2.17 | With masses of locks exceedingly black yet soft as the hair of the Sun's Vanayu-bred steeds, he seemed--while preserving the qualities inherited from their source--to fashion the defeat of night.

2.18 | His face, more beautiful even than the Moon, bore the haloed splendour of the jewels in his diadem, as though the Sun, wishing to make that moonlike face imperishable, had bestowed on it another ray--the ray that sustains the Moon's life.

2.19 | He was adorned with a straight streak of sandal paste, like a crescent of the Moon bestowed by the Sun, as though the Sun, devoted to perfect rectitude, had thought: "This man tolerates crookedness in no one."

2.20 | His ears were hung with Jupiter and Venus, the two beneficent planets, as pearl-and-gem earrings, as though Shukra were saying: "I shall place the Asuras beneath your feet; do not reject my word merely because you suspect me of favouring their side."

2.21 | As though fearing that Sarasvati and Lakshmi might somewhere on earth be left without seats, he bore two lotuses for them in the guise of his eyes. [The end of the verse is lost in the source.]

2.22 | [The opening half of the verse is lost in the source.] ...kissed by white-and-red, lotus-marked Lakshmi, as though she thought: “This is a jewel in the Sun’s lineage.”

2.23 | He shone in that armour - as though it had been fashioned from darkness brought by the Sun to blind the enemies of the world - like the Sun accompanied by a fresh cloud clinging high in the sky.

2.24 | He wore a lovely pearl necklace, as though it had formed within the Sun's disk from drops of nectar that fell at night from the Moon's digits into oysters born in the waters of the Yamuna.

2.25 | To frustrate the designs of the gods' enemies, he appeared to have begged the Sun for Saturn and taken him from his side: beneath the guise of the splendid central emerald, he bore the slow-moving planet upon his breast.

2.26 | With the gods reflected in the pendant jewels of his crown, paired armlets, and twin bracelets, he seemed indeed to be accompanied by the Creator's sons, the Valakhilyas, sent on their appointed mission.

2.27 | He blazed out from within the Sun's disk, his commission received, bearing a sword whose task was to subdue his enemies - a younger sibling of the Yamuna's waters and a companion to the Ganga of his own fame.

2.28 | A single wheel does not ... [The remainder of the verse is lost in the source.]

2.29 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source; only its final word, “presented,” is recoverable.]

2.30 | Like a second Vaivasvata - Yama - he was poised to plant his foot by force upon his enemies' heads; beneath the guise of the dark-blue radiance of his anklets, he seemed to bear feet of iron.

2.31 | Because he was the Sun's offspring, the two twilights, partial to him, stood at his feet in the guise of the glow of his great toenails, so that the whole circle of the earth might bow before him.

2.32 | He had set righteous governance in motion even more fully than Manu; he was more reluctant than Saturn to follow a crooked path, more devoted to his friends than Sugriva, lord of the monkeys, and more exact than Yama in imposing fitting punishment.

2.33 | Whatever anyone asked, he was able to give that petitioner even more readily than Karna; and he kept his mind more wakeful than the Ashvins themselves in bringing an end to the afflictions of gods and good people.

2.34 | More accomplished in the lore of horses even than him who was famed as Revanta, the jewel among the offspring of the Sun - the lover of the lotus - this man reached the feet of Vishnu.

2.35 | The sixteen eyes were like treasure-jars filled with Pushkara and all the oceans, and laden too with the waters of the rivers of their lineages; rich in the mingled brilliance of jewels, they stole the beauty of blue-lotus garlands.

2.36 | Those sixteen eyes, imagined as jars adorned with serpent-maidens, streamed tears as they brimmed with joy; with them Acyuta, together with Brahma, performed the great consecration of that noble man.

2.37 | At his obeisance, when his head was held by Vasudeva's four hands and the Creator's two, he seemed to gain the strength to overcome even the six enemies within.

2.38 | With the ceaseless water from Sharngin's eyes - drops from all the rivers and oceans dwelling throughout his limbs and deep within his belly - he was consecrated as though with all the sacred waters.

2.39 | Brahma held a jar naturally full, while Hari filled his conch from those very waters. Thus they consecrated him anew for sovereignty over the earth, though tears of joy had already consecrated him of themselves.

2.40 | He obtained from Hari the sevenfold power that the compassionate god, abiding as Buddha in the Kali age, bestows upon humankind - the means to conquer the seven worlds.

2.41 | Having received those seven mighty powers, he attained the rank of the seventh universal monarch. Standing before the two with folded hands, he said, “If there is anything to be done, let it be commanded.”

2.42 | Janardana now extended before him, as a gift of fearlessness to the whole world, the hand he had once raised toward the Three-Eyed One, giver of the Sudarshana discus.

2.43 | Then, after being appointed to the prescribed task and after Brahma and Vishnu had vanished, the man, purified of sin, took upon himself the burden of winning fame - fame like the Moon that closes the lotus-like enemies of the gods. [Part of the comparison is lost in the source.]

2.44 | He came to be famed as “Chahamana,” as though that name had been fashioned from the opening syllables of the bow upheld by his hand, Hari upheld in his understanding, honour upheld by his strength, and policy upheld by his ministers.

2.45 | Thinking, “May this man, overcome with longing, not depart when he sees the Sun,” Vishnu recognized in him a likeness to Brahma and caused the lotus from his own navel to serve as his parasol.

2.46 | The Moon's disk devoted itself to his service, as if saying: “For a few days your father brings me to fullness, then makes me thin again. O treasury of glory, consider this and protect me yourself.”

2.47 | The Ocean of Milk too became his servant, as if saying, “O giver of honour, Madhu's foe does not regard me as a resting-place as he does Pushkara; therefore let this disturbance be swiftly repelled.”

2.48 | He bore upon his head what seemed a stream of Ganga, retaining the very form it assumes within Hiranyagarbha's water-pot, as though it had settled there after mistaking him for Maheshvara.

2.49 | Surely Indra fashioned a parasol from the sky-ranging wings of Himalaya and the Crystal Mountain, imagined as the two cranes upon the lake of heaven, and the gods made it a tribute for the pacification of his enemies.

2.50 | Invisible in form, Lakshmi - the wife who shares the sacred duties of Vishnu, bearer of the discus - herself held that sunshade over his head, as she had over Raghu's, for he too would bring exaltation to the Solar dynasty.

2.51 | Thinking, “No other son of mine has ever been as accomplished as this one,” the Sun made his own image accompany him, as though to increase the hero's splendour.

2.52 | In his conquests of the directions, a discus more powerful even than Sudarshana attended him, able to approach and destroy any man or god who so much as conceived harm against him.

2.53 | Was she Brahma's creation embodied, Vishnu's work of preservation personified - or, what more could be said, Shiva's sovereign power of destruction itself, taught to assume the magnificence of a body?

2.54 | Bearing a form adorned with every finest ornament and wreathed in the rays of many gems, his bearer of the betel-box stood before him like the presiding goddess of the Ocean, the mine of jewels.

2.55 | The elephant seemed to think in envy: “He who treacherously uprooted this tusk of mine has six faces. Why should I not likewise assume six tusks capable of destroying demons?”

2.56 | By his extraordinary power the fragrant elephant took five additional tusks, as though from the Sun's elephant offspring; with his entire form thus made to correspond to his six faces, he followed the hero into battle.

2.57 | To conquer all eight directions, the Sun must once have borne eight horses. Now that he has given this one to his son, he has surely become the seven-horsed Sun.

2.58 | [Most of this verse is lost in the source.] The surviving close says that the horse bore the sky's entire splendour, as though the sky had entrusted it to the steed that crossed its expanse.

2.59 | [The opening half of this verse is lost in the source.] Thinking that Lakshmi would be angered if the Kaustubha were taken away, the bearer of the Sharnga bow withheld that jewel and bestowed the Syamantaka instead.

2.60 | The gem famed throughout the earth as the “Midnight Sun” adorned him as a crest-jewel, as though his father the Sun himself had worn it in rivalry with the Moon-crested Shiva.

2.61 | A companion seemed to come to him of his own accord, bestowed by Shiva, who dwells at Ajagandha among slayers of husbands; or perhaps the Lord of Wealth himself came to protect him, mistaking him for Nalakuvara.

2.62 | Though his wealth was spent house after house and battle after battle, the treasury's stores were never exhausted. Its lord, surpassing the splendour of Sumeru, Ocean, and Mount Rohana, attended him.

2.63 | Yama himself seemed to obey the Sun's command - “Attend this man who is joined with royal splendour; you, his younger brother, must follow him” - just as Rama in human form obeyed his father.

2.64 | Dhananjaya, consummate in the arts of weapons and missiles, became his enduring commander: by taking possession even of one who was utterly weak, he raised him to strength.

2.65 | Since he had obtained seven powers that amazed even the seven-horsed Sun, and through their succession had conquered the seven oceans, how could Tripushkara be difficult for him to subdue?

2.66 | Bearing the mighty seven jewels won through Hari's power - as though they had been presented by seven conquered divine hosts - he did not trespass even against the lords of the continents.

2.67 | When Vishnu wished to put aside his tranquil form and assume an exalted body that would cut down the Mlecchas, he brought this man forward like a stage-manager for the preliminary rite.

2.68 | After clearing the earth of thorns on every side and strengthening its kings with his splendour, he gradually raised up this dynasty, which would end the people's suffering - as a forest fire gives rise to a fresh and flourishing wood.

2.69 | The great yogi had come to earth in connection with a pilgrimage to Pushkara. After examining the whole world for a time, he returned, as he had come, to the solar orb.

2.70 | Even without Chahamana, Earth shone more beautifully as she sustained his noble lineage: a woodland is adorned less by a clump of bamboo than by the splendid pearls it bears.

2.71 | In former times the line of Raghu possessed three pre-eminent forebears - Kakutstha, Ikshvaku, and Raghu. In the Kali age, on becoming the Chahamana line, it gained a fourth eminence.

2.72 | Their embodied fame daily traversed the inaccessible inner flank of Mount Pariyatra, beyond even the Sun's rays; their prowess was equal to overcoming the eternal submarine fire whose realm was the seven oceans.

2.73 | Indra, the Thousand-Eyed, was wearied and overwhelmed by the dust of their army at the eastern mountain where their solar ancestor rises; in Fire's inner chambers, Svaha sang of the inherited valour of their arms, for they tirelessly satisfied him with hundreds of sacrifices.

2.74 | The roar of their forces surpassed even the sound made when Yama's serpent-like weapons struck their enemies. Merely hearing of their deed of granting secure sovereignty over Lanka dispelled the anxiety of the southwestern quarter.

2.75 | The gusts from their army-elephants' ears penetrated and relieved the weariness of Varuna's beloved wives after love; and Wind, released unchanged from serving as charioteer to the sacrificial fire filled with offerings, acclaimed them.

2.76 | Songs of their valour were nectar to the ears of the Kinnara king dwelling upon Kailasa. The stream of fame born from their mighty arms surpassed the celestial Ganga, accomplished through dwelling with the Moon in Shiva's northeastern realm.

2.77 | The dust raised by their army's horses made the earth so light that Vasudeva, reclining upon the serpent, scarcely laboured to uphold it; their fame, sweet as nectar upon Lakshmi's lips, gladdened the seven worlds.

2.78 | Those noble heroes illuminated the glorious Chahamana line: dust from their horses coated the heads of the celestial bees within the nectar of Brahma's lotus, while the circle of the earth adorned the circle of their arms.

2.79 | Whatever inherited treasure of radiance and wealth they had received from the Sun, lover of the lotus, they gave to those who sought refuge. Unlike ordinary commerce, that treasure grew ever more excellent as it passed onward.

2.80 | The messengers of Yama were perpetually wearied by ascending to aid Indra at every festival of battle and then returning; yet, unable to carry these heroes upward from the earth, they established their own residence in heaven according to their will.

2.81 | To aid the Guardians of the Directions by destroying the Rakshasas, these illustrious rulers took their stations at will in the guardians' eight cities. Earth thus became their royal capital, with the eight mountains as pavilions supported by the eight Elephants of the Directions as pillars.

2.82 | In their lineage Vasudeva arose, sovereign of the earth. He became a sustaining mountain for the cloud of ancestral glory, whose flock of cranes was the splendour of fame; his magnificent deeds were fit to be sung by celestial women at Shiva's command, while Shiva sat as sole spectator upon the lap of Kailasa.

Sarga 3

Vasudeva's birth is celebrated by gods, celestial musicians, winds, flowers, and auspicious wonders. His generosity, sacrifices, justice, and protection of the realm establish an age of abundance in which social and cosmic order flourish. The surviving close is damaged, but its praise of his beneficent kingship remains clear.

3.1 | When he, that treasure of generosity, was born, the clouds rained flowers. It seemed that the blossoms had slipped of their own accord from the wish-granting trees, which trembled for fear that their fame would be diminished.

3.2 | The Apsarases danced all day, and the drums of victory resounded. At his birth the gods once again experienced the delight they had felt when the nectar of immortality was raised.

3.3 | The winds blew adorned with golden lotuses brought from Ganga. It seemed as though Shiva, wearing the Moon as his crest and taking the sky as his form, had released a visible rain of gold.

3.4 | His glory filled heaven, and water-drops fell though there were no clouds - as if they were droplets of nectar fleeing from the Moon, oppressed by that glory.

3.5 | How many other strong-armed kings arose in the dynasty of the Sun! Yet none - not Bhagiratha, not Sagara, not Raghu - conducted himself as he did.

3.6 | There was no mountain, no forest, no city, and no desert tract in which he did not cause wells and lakes, watering places, temples, and monasteries to be built.

3.7 | Neither peacocks at the first rain-cloud, nor chakora birds at the Moon of a clear autumn night, nor cuckoos in a young mango grove rejoiced as his subjects did when they beheld him.

3.8 | Neither Himalaya nor sandalwood cooled the earth as he did; neither Sumeru nor a jewel-bearing mountain enriched her as he did.

3.9 | [The opening is partly lost and editorially restored.] Lakshmi came to him after abandoning the kings; those same kings regained her by bowing to his pair of feet, more lotuslike even than the lotus.

3.10 | The wives of the guardians of the quarters wept because their husbands, headed by Indra, had gone to the sacrificial grounds; yet the sacrificial smoke, spreading through every quarter, supplied an innocent explanation for their tears.

3.11 | Because worship in the gods' temples never ceased, no blossom was seen upon the treetops; yet nowhere did people deem the wind in a pleasure-grove “without pollen” - and without passion.

3.12 | With the three feet that had been severed now restored, the Bull of the Destroyer of Love roamed happily. Wherever its hoofprints were firmly set, the earth unfailingly became golden.

3.13 | Filled by his fame across ocean and sky, the earth became nothing less than the Moon's disk; yet Kali never gained a foothold upon her as the Moon's stain and Rahu do.

3.14 | With temples rising in every quarter and intermediate quarter, Indra dwelt in the sacrificial grounds; meanwhile Amaravati, through the power of fate, pined like a traveler's wife.

3.15 | The mountains were reduced to a smallness to which King Prithu had not brought them. [The remainder of this verse is lost in the source.]

3.16 | [Most of this verse is lost in the source.] The mountains seemed to sink, diminished, toward the earth.

3.17 | Calamities repeatedly failed to enter the earth, as though they had taken up residence in another world. Or where could they find a foothold at all, when every direction was filled by the king's good deeds?

3.18 | Excessive rains flourished only in the tear-filled eyes of enemies whose hearts were in distress; good men, filled with constant fortune, enjoyed a sky free of obstruction - as though even the nine planets exerted no hold.

3.19 | Mice never burrowed anywhere into the earth, though such digging was naturally their way. Thus, since she was entirely without holes, hosts of calamities could not spread across her.

3.20 | Parrots caused no fear among the rice fields, as though perpetually sated by the sacrificial fire; and locusts found no domain because the smoke of offerings spread through every direction.

3.21 | The king made his subjects happy less by driving foes into mountain caves, or dispatching them to Yama's city, than by bringing their lords down beneath the tips of his feet.

3.22 | If Indra was of use to him in war, the god in turn dwelt in his sacrificial grounds; and when demons came, Maghavan summoned this lord who bestowed fearlessness by the strength of his arms.

3.23 | He had placed beneath himself all seven dark vices. [The remainder, concerning his conquest of every quarter, is substantially lost in the source.]

3.24 | [The opening and middle of this verse are lost in the source.] By him the earth was made truly wealth-bearing.

3.25 | [Parts of this verse are lost in the source.] When that man-lion bore the earth, the elephants of the quarters lost their pride; he humbled the serpent-king and stood like Garuda against the serpent Kali.

3.26 | When the foe of Madhu raised the earth he begot Naraka, whom he later slew; but this king, in raising her again, rid her of human afflictions and through sacrifices made her the dwelling place of the gods.

3.27 | The lord of tortoises bears the earth from below, slowly drawing in all his limbs; but this king, standing above all other rulers and supported by them as his limbs, bore that burden in a still higher manner.

3.28 | By his surpassing might he accomplished something exceedingly difficult, something even the Creator could not; surely from shame Brahma did not enter the earth ruled by him.

3.29 | Or perhaps, because the man born in his lineage had become Brahma's refuge whenever the Creator was defeated, the Lord remembered that service and ranged through the quarters adorned by him.

3.30 | 'Whoever hurts even the foot of one who follows me - surely I shall break his face.' Remembering this righteous declaration of yours, Kali shows his face nowhere.

3.31 | Kings who withdrew from the vicinity of your feet, distraught with fear, obscured by hundreds of misfortunes, and abandoned by Fortune, were first recognized and then assailed.

3.32 | O king, an enemy who serves your feet will henceforth have a companion before him: your own nails foretold this by displaying attendant counterparts of your foes.

3.33 | Neither Himalaya, his daughter, the Moon, the Ganges, nor Himalaya's friend delights Hara, lord of the snowy mountain, as your renown does.

3.34 | Brahma no longer longs for his lotus, Vishnu for his serpent couch, nor Shiva for Crystal Mountain; for each of them roams everywhere in search of your fame.

3.35 | By you the earth was made fruitful: through your sacrifices the clouds released rain; the oblation rose from the fire to the Sun, and from him the Moon became full.

3.36 | Your sacrificial fire ever filled its belly, and the wind ... [Part of this verse is lost in the source.] The sky never shone without Vedic chant, nor did you ever cease to be the sacrificer.

3.37 | [The opening of this verse is lost in the source.] The wise declared them the sustaining powers of the three worlds. Since you continually benefited them, homage at every step was due to you alone.

3.38 | [Most of this verse is lost in the source; its remaining fragments do not yield a continuous translation.]

Sarga 4

During a royal hunt, Vasudeva spares the forest creatures and encounters a mysterious celestial being. A revelation leads him to cast his spear into the earth, from which a vast salt lake arises. The lake is linked with the goddess Shakambhari, before whose presence the king pays homage and returns to his capital.

4.1 | [The opening of this verse is lost in the source.] Vasudeva rode forth on a horse that scorned even rutting elephants, like the divine Vasudeva upon Garuda, facing wicked creatures whose destined end was the mouth of Death.

4.2 | It was no cause for wonder that the Primal God, delighting in a mountain dwelling, assumed the sport of a Kirata; the wonder is that Vasudeva, whose mind was set on protection, adopted a hunter's path merely for play.

4.3 | Out of their merely animal nature, the deer slighted the horse's prowess, though their own kind could not overtake it. Then the king's horse seized their speed - their whole treasure - which they seemed to cast before it as an appeal for safety.

4.4 | [Parts of this verse are lost in the source.] He entered among the forest deities, where the animals sat motionless and contented while their music rang out, as though the fullness of their lives had ripened into complete reward.

4.5 | [The opening and close of this verse are lost in the source.] Startled by the sudden clamor of the horse, the herds of deer shook their heads as if a stone had abruptly fallen across their path.

4.6 | [The primary text of this verse is lost in the source.]

4.7 | Mistaking his eyes for blue lotuses, bees flew back and forth; his gaze seemed to imitate their motion and draw up the faculty of hearing, which lay submerged in the nectar of the forest song and prevented the listeners from rising.

4.8 | The foolish deer delayed their flight merely to behold him: the horses' hooves striking the earth supplied the rhythm, while their jingling ornaments gave the melody, making the deer fancy themselves Kinnaras.

4.9 | The hunters' arrows, accustomed to savoring the flesh of deer that had absorbed the essence of many ear-delighting sounds, seemed themselves imbued with music and produced a strange pleasure for the ear throughout their bodies.

4.10 | 'Whether hunter-women or forest deities sing this extraordinary tale of mine, why should I become its agent?' Thinking thus, the king granted safety to the deer.

4.11 | [Most of this verse is lost in the source; its surviving opening concerns the final moment of life but does not yield a continuous translation.]

4.12 | [The opening of this verse is lost in the source.] He spared the young boars: in their lotus-stalk-like teeth and lotus-petal-like tongues he saw them, mouths raised and dripping, drinking from their mother's breasts.

4.13 | The king would not wound the twice-born peacock with an arrow whose shaft was almost bare, as though clothed only by the quarters; for the bird naturally possessed unfading color and virtue, whereas the arrow acquired its color and string only through effort.

4.14 | Because he slew a tiger called Pundarika, the king won fame as Chandrapida; yet, strangely, though long absorbed in hunting, he never so much as imagined Kadambari.

4.15 | [Most of this verse is lost in the source.] A lion lay asleep in a cave, its tusks, claws, and mane casting a moonlike radiance.

4.16 | [The primary text of this verse is lost in the source.]

4.17 | Even an exemplary comparison proves useful at the moment of death: having once heard, 'A wild ox is like a cow,' the compassionate king spared a gayal when it came before him.

4.18 | As though the Creator feared, 'I once had five faces, but now possess no fifth,' the eight elephants of the quarters revealed footprints, fulfilling the king's wish to place their whole circle beneath his feet.

4.19 | When his arrow pierced the Sharabha and flew far beyond, a shower of flowers fell from the sky. [The close of the verse is lost.] It seemed to be an offering from the celestial Deer amid the constellations, relieved at the beast's death.

4.20 | [The primary text of this verse is lost in the source.]

4.21 | The camels, exhausted by the hunt-loving king, grew proud of their speed; at last, when fatigue gave them a chance to rest, they rejoiced over the snakes so easily found in the forest as food.

4.22 | Some forest goddesses, deciding that perpetual unblinking sight must be the fruit of the sin of seeing camels, covered their eyes with their hands and thereby failed to behold even the king.

4.23 | When his right eye and right arm throbbed together as one, constantly signaling good fortune, the king abandoned his intention of returning to the city and had a lofty palace built even in the forest.

4.24 | [Part of this verse is lost in the source.] 'What can Indra do for me while Vasudeva reigns?' Through the king's fortune, a palace arose even in the forest, like a child of the snowy mountain approaching the salt ocean.

4.25 | [Parts of this verse are lost in the source.] The lofty palace seemed built to proclaim: 'I have heard the pledge of safety given to the forest's deer; I shall also remove their fear of this playful hunter.'

4.26 | [The primary text of this verse is lost in the source.]

4.27 | Knowing the sanctity of that place, the king forbade anyone else to enter it and pursued the sport of hunting alone, sparing the finest elephants as though his restraint were medicine for their mates' fear of widowhood.

4.28 | After passing the midday heat amid forest grounds pale with strings of pearls shed by lions, he entered the white palace, whose coolness made it seem the chosen dwelling of a diminished snowy mountain.

4.29 | At the very doorway he dismissed his elephant and weapons, and entered the bedchamber wearing a pearl necklace cool as drops of water, attended only by Fortune, who would not incur the disgrace of serving another master.

4.30 | Though wearied by the hunt, he climbed from his low woodland couch to that lofty abode and somehow fell asleep in his chamber, secretly attended by Lakshmi like Narayana himself upon his elevated resting place.

4.31 | [Part of this verse is lost in the source.] The radiance of his ornaments made him shine as though moving clouds had become windowed moon-pavilions, with momentary rainbows that suggested Indra had sat down there, wearied by his journey through the sky.

4.32 | [The primary text of this verse is lost in the source.]

4.33 | The chief ruby set within his necklace seemed to be Earth's own son Mars, who for some slight reason had gone to heaven to win benefit for his mother, followed there by the host of planets.

4.34 | The masses of light from the gems set in his armlets and bracelets streamed out on either side; to ensure his unhindered passage back and forth through the sky, they seemed to display the plumage of a many-colored peacock.

4.35 | Through the divided splendor of his earrings, the parrot-plumed one seemed to become two and whisper in both ears: ‘You must rescue my entire race from the king, whose passion for hunting deer grows ever stronger.’

4.36 | Night herself - as though wearied by her journey through the sky, delighted yet bashful after touching the moon of his face - seemed to hide within the boundless brilliance of his crest-jewel, prolonging his deep sleep even at dawn.

4.37 | Bees humming sweetly as they attended the gods' flower garlands seemed like embodied sky-dwellers who, recognizing him as a Vidyadhara, had assembled to stand watch over him.

4.38 | At that moment the king's two eyes seemed to bathe and purify themselves in the perfect holy place called the waters of joyful tears, so that they might gather the now-ripened fruit of beholding one worthy to be seen.

4.39 | On seeing him, the king reflected: 'This man falls short of the gods' sleepless nature, for he sleeps. Then is he Hari reclining upon Shesha? No - for those privileged to behold that god possess divine sight and entertain no uncertainty.'

4.40 | He bears none of the marks of Gandharvas, Siddhas, Ganas, or Kinnaras; nor can I take him for an extraordinary mortal, or even for one of Kubera's men - for such a man touches the earth, whereas this one has reached my pillow.

4.41 | Nor is he a Naga in a form unlike that of a serpent: snakes never abandon their hoods, and their race is stained by innate greed, never parting with the jewel upon the body, just as a poor man clings to his wealth.

4.42 | Nor is his Vidyadhara nature of the sort stained by three lesser devices - magic ointment for the feet, a sword, or collyrium. From the sight of his face I shall determine whether he belongs to the fourth kind.

4.43 | Having reasoned so, the king wished to inspect the visitor's slightly open face, akin to an evening lotus; meanwhile the magic pellet - his pleasure-boat upon the ocean of the sky - lay lodged beneath the king's toes.

4.44 | The instant his foot touched the pellet, the king reflected again: 'My mind, do not remain as though doubtful; hold firmly to the conviction that this man is indeed a Vidyadhara.'

4.45 | This pellet, like the Narmada that produces rows of mighty sacred stones worshiped by Indra and the other gods, must have issued from the disk of his moonlike face and fallen into my Vindhya-like pleasure-palace.

4.46 | While the king considered these possibilities - Earth being his handmaid, free to reveal every delightful object - the Vidyadhara awoke, realized that the pellet had fallen somewhere from his mouth, and became alarmed.

4.47 | When that pellet - the perpetual moonlight of his mind-lotus - was hidden beneath the foot of the sunlike king, the moon that was the sky-farer bore a deathly pale face upon which the dark mark of anxiety stood plainly visible.

4.48 | As he stood empty-hearted and wore a disfigured face, his ornaments, though present, seemed no longer to exist; for when the orb of the moon loses its splendor, even the stars that remain in the sky cease to shine.

4.49 | Rising and seeing the king, he bowed his face beneath the weight of shame; he seemed like Earth herself, reflecting that every opportunity to rise upward had now come to an end.

4.50 | The pellet must surely have left his mouth after stealing all his power of speech, for although he wished to say something, the sight of the king's face constrained him and he uttered nothing at all.

4.51 | When he tried to speak, the rays of his teeth streamed from his mouth like ash particles from the extinguished fire of his fortune. Having long kept company with the pellet, they seemed suddenly to set out in search of her, asking, 'Where has she gone?'

4.52 | How could a man whose only wealth is honor hear a word of humiliation even from another, even in a dream? For one accustomed to being honored, hearing words of abasement is harmful, as though his settled habit feared being broken.

4.53 | Seeing him distressed and downcast, the king spoke quickly, as though afraid that a pitiable utterance might fall from that mouth like a meteor from the disk of the moon.

4.54 | 'Honored sky-farer, after descending from the heavens you entered deep sleep; meanwhile this perfected pellet - the seal upon the treasury of every blessing - has surely performed the duty of my night watchman.'

4.55 | As soon as this nectar of the king's words filled the sky-farer's ears, his face appeared utterly transformed, like the orb of the moon newly released from the mouth of Rahu.

4.56 | Taking that crescent-moon pellet from the king as though from the ocean, the sovereign of the sky-farers cast off the pain caused by the poison of grief he had first tasted and regained his supreme lordship.

4.57 | He then said to the king: 'Great-hearted lord, even sages cannot fathom your resolve, for you did not regard even sovereignty over the Vidyadharas, though fallen before your feet, as worth a blade of grass.'

4.58 | Though Desire was burned by the eye of Maheshvara, it entered his heart once more. Yet, O sun of the earth, I think one fortress alone remains impossible for Desire to seize: your mind.

4.59 | Others say that the five remaining inner foes follow Desire; once Desire has been conquered, that wretched band is powerless before you. When the great sage made the ocean itself his libation, how could its crocodiles and other creatures count for anything?

4.60 | What then can I say? ‘My heart wishes to benefit you’ - shame upon such an ill-judged utterance! Having obtained the ocean of milk from Shiva, should the sage Upamanyu seek to please him with a mere pitcher of milk for his ablution?

4.61 | The wish to benefit a great-hearted man would be like setting the wish-fulfilling jewel in gold, proposing to water the wish-granting tree, or undertaking to bring grass to the celestial cow.

4.62 | Yet noble men should accept at least some token from one they have benefited, to relieve that person’s sense of littleness. After Shiva removed the world-threatening sickness of the Kalakuta poison, did he not accept even the crescent moon from the ocean?

4.63 | Since matters stand thus, whatever I may ask must be done by you as a favor to me. Even the moon-crested Shiva, whose three radiant eyes illumine every world, does not refuse the offering of a lamp.

4.64 | ‘Hear what I have to say, faultless-minded king. My father is Shakambhara. Through his austerities here in this forest land, the daughter of the Himalaya became a guest before his eyes.’

4.65 | ‘To immortalize my father’s fame, that boon-giving goddess compassionately assumed the name Shakambhari; for the celestial river’s title “Bhagirathi” likewise proclaims Bhagiratha’s abundant merits.’

4.66 | ‘Why say more? My father’s austerities caused her to remain forever present in that forest; and from the city of the Vidyadhara king I continually journey back and forth to behold her.’

4.67 | ‘Today I have received the flawless and complete fruit of the goddess’s favor, one never attained before: you have appeared before my eyes. Men such as you do not come into view unless the gods are inclined to bestow grace.’

4.68 | ‘Therefore dismiss this army of mine; plant your spear in the earth, mount your horse, and ride toward the capital without looking back. Grant me this second favor.’

4.69 | After speaking, the Vidyadhara vanished. The king dismissed his army and, having witnessed his lineage’s supreme advancement, felt fulfilled; meanwhile the divine jewel of the sky, the Sun himself, went to his setting.

4.70 | When the spear entered the earth, the salt ocean surged up exceedingly high, just as when the Sun sinks into the ground. There was no other cause whatever: the entire cause was the majesty of the king’s power.

4.71 | [Part of this verse is lost in the source.] Eager to accomplish some extraordinary deed through the spearhead, the arm of Indra-on-earth throbbed with a wholly new and wondrous vitality.

4.72 | He then descended from the window, his path indicated at once by the brilliance of his ornaments, as though his own marks of royalty, transformed into auspicious lamps, lit the way with his native splendor.

4.73 | Reaching the doorway, his face and forelocks aglow with jewel-rays, he mounted his horse. By a radiance capable of drinking down all seven oceans, he seemed already to hold the salt sea beneath his feet.

4.74 | Then the lord of the earth pierced the ground with his spear as though saying: ‘Creator, why make many treasures? Why not establish here that one repository of salt and beauty whose possession leaves no desire for any other?’

4.75 | The guardian of the mortal world then departed upon his swift horse, which raced as though vying with all the winds of the three worlds, roaming together from their nostrils and mouths.

4.76 | In the midst of darkness, as dust was flung far upward, the horse shone through the rays of the jewels, a very mass of strength; and Vasudeva, his nature freed from every distortion, shone forth in the purity of his own manly power.

4.77 | At moonrise, the ocean seemed to mistake the sky-touching, swift horse for its own son Uchchaihshravas and follow behind; near the shore, the king heard the sound of its waves.

4.78 | Though remembering the sky-farer’s warning, the roar seized his ears and great curiosity turned his gaze backward. From the ocean’s midst he seemed to behold his own fame following him, transformed into water.

4.79 | Just as the king’s wonder was mounting toward the state of Narayana reclining upon a watery couch - ‘What is this?’ - the Vidyadhara, pilot upon the ocean of the sky, spoke to him once again.

4.80 | ‘King, this salt ocean has arisen like the copious perspiration of Earth as a delighted bride, wounded not by anger but by your spear, to benefit your horses - the faithful bearers of the burden of battle.’

4.81 | ‘Whatever substance falls into it will wholly acquire saltiness; thus this lake will imitate not only the sweetness of your fame, but also the burning fierceness of your steadfast valor.’

4.82 | ‘Kurukshetra, the abode of the Lunar dynasty’s fame, sanctifies five yojanas and yields its fruit only in the next world; but through this lake, the Solar dynasty will bear fruit in both worlds.’

4.83 | ‘From the ocean dug by your forefathers, not even one submarine fire goes forth; but this salt reservoir has arisen to strike fear into all the horses born in your lineage.’

4.84 | ‘King, your family goddess Ashapuri and the blessed Shakambhari, who favors me, will unite like Ganga and Yamuna and protect this salt ocean forever.’

4.85 | ‘Apart from your lineage, this lake’s savor will reveal itself to no other ruler. No thirsty man can drink the ocean after abandoning the clouds that take up its smoke-like vapor.’

4.86 | ‘Why say more? Before you stands that mountain-born goddess Shakambhari, like a crystal mountain assuming a body of water through the discipline of Shiva’s eightfold form; today the lake has reached the soles of her feet.’

4.87 | ‘Bow now to her, whose two feet are cooled by the crescent moon and Mandakini upon Shiva’s head; then, O Indra of the earth, with the fever of your journey extinguished, return and sanctify your capital.’

4.88 | [Parts of this verse are lost in the source.] Having spoken, that cloud raining the nectar of wonder joined his hands and departed. The king quickly dismounted from his horse and tested the newly arisen water.

4.89 | Then, his fame and splendor increased, he spent the night very near the lotus feet of Shakambhari - feet made gently warm by constant proximity to the moonlight and the fire of Shiva’s forehead-eye - and at daybreak returned to the city.

BOOK OF THE VICTORY

Sarga 5

The poem follows the Chahamana succession through generations of conquest, piety, generosity, and temple building. It celebrates Vigraharaja and other rulers, then dwells on Ajayaraja's magnificent foundation of Ajayameru, its palaces, markets, waters, learning, and civic virtue. Ajayaraja installs Arnoraja as his heir.

5.1 | Hearing that a salt ocean had been brought forth by one of his own Solar line, the seven-horsed Sun hastened there, as though out of affection for the horses of the king’s chariots.

5.2 | Dasharatha, though born in the Solar line, incurred a curse through hunting; but this king, having gained divine favor through the hunt, re-entered his city.

5.3 | Because his glories had arisen in the salt-rich land of Shakambhari, they felt no unease upon the shore of the salt ocean.

5.4 | In due course Vasudeva, lord of the salt ocean, approached Vasudeva, the Lord who dwells in the ocean of milk.

5.5 | Because the descendants of that line served the land protected by the goddess Shakambhari, they all came to be called the Lords of Shakambhari.

5.6 | [Parts of this verse are lost in the source.] Through those lofty moonlike kings, radiant with friendship and free from enemies, the earth seemed boundless and battles became great festivals.

5.7 | Samantaraja was born, a moon from the ocean of that lineage and, to the lotus beds formed by the ranks of feudatory kings, a sun.

5.8 | He begot Jayaraja, resplendent with the glory of victory; when the circle of kings beheld him blazing like the Sun in battle, it faded like the moon.

5.9 | That proud king resolved to bend down all who had become excessively swollen with arrogance, and to raise up each of those who approached him humbly.

5.10 | Every man whose lofty pride he had humbled bowed before his greatness; and through that very greatness, kings who bowed to him rose ever higher.

5.11 | Praised thus by eminent poets as the sun among all radiant men, he gained a son named Vigraharaja, who resembled the king of the heavenly bodies.

5.12 | Issuing from his sword like Ganga from the foot of Hari, his fame purified the three worlds and crossed mountains and oceans.

5.13 | The dark gleam of his sword appeared even upon the faces of distant enemies, like the Moon's dusky stain upon beds of lotuses.

5.14 | At the close of the rains, the quarters shone with his glory mingled with his enemies' infamy, like flocks of white swans interspersed with black crows.

5.15 | His son Chandraraja was like the king of the moon; as a poet gathers well-formed meters, he gathered around himself men of exemplary conduct.

5.16 | Because it benefited every creature, forbearance alone became his beloved; and Earth, delightful to the heart in every way, became as dear to him as a beloved woman.

5.17 | His younger brother was Gopendraraja; by sustaining the circle of the earth, he reminded the wise of the divine lord of cowherds.

5.18 | Thereafter Durlabharaja, son of Chandraraja and a dispeller of sorrow, caused the vine of fame to grow upon the earth - as though, impossibly, without water.

5.19 | His fame became a bed of night lotuses in heaven, a garland of stars upon earth, and moonlight in the netherworld - whom did it not fill with wonder?

5.20 | His sword rose bathed from the confluence of Ganga and the ocean; after long tasting the essence of Gauda, it attained the purified rank of a Brahmin.

5.21 | His son Govindaraja was Brahma in the office of lord of subjects, Vishnu in the six royal qualities, and Maheshvara in the three powers of sovereignty.

5.22 | Next came a second Chandraraja, a moon to the darkness of his enemies; through youthful beauty he delighted Love, and through devotion he delighted Shiva, whose very essence he embodied.

5.23 | His son Govaka was a raincloud to the suns that were all other kings, springtime to the vine-women of every quarter, and night-watchman over the circle of all the continents.

5.24 | This royal sage knew the entire Veda of political means, had mastered the six qualities and duties of kingship, and stood amid the five fires formed by the limbs of counsel.

5.25 | By worshiping the sun of valor he gained the waxing phases of fame; filled with the dark antelope that was his sword, the king shone like the full moon.

5.26 | His fame was a Manasa lake opposed to every stain, an ocean beyond alteration, and a sky beyond confinement - who, indeed, could ever cross it?

5.27 | Fear of him subdued the cloud of infamy like autumn, the darkness of sin like night, and negligence and its kind like a winter night driving serpents into hiding.

5.28 | His masses of fame were oceans of enduring beauty, Arjunas who pierced the Karnas of the enemy, and Uchchaihshravas steeds whose feet were fixed in heaven.

5.29 | His pure mind served as the lotus of Brahma, the White Island of Vishnu, and the Kailasa of moon-crested Shiva.

5.30 | Although twelve kings, mighty and sunlike in brilliance and strength, sought the hand of his sister Kalavati -

5.31 | - he gave her to the lord of Kanyakubja, as the ocean gives Sarasvati, though the beauty of her face and her name Kalavati could weary the Moon by rivalry.

5.32 | He defeated the twelve kings and bestowed all their wealth upon his sister, leaving men uncertain whether he was Yama, the conqueror, or Kubera, the lord of riches.

5.33 | His son was Chandana. When that name was spoken, people escaped the mistaken thought that he was a sandal tree only when they heard the added words, ‘bearing fruit.’

5.34 | Yet this Chandana was seen to yield fruit; prosperous men attended him, they possessed noble arts, and their faces were always clear - features that sustained the poem's playful uncertainty.

5.35 | Such a description of him, mingling doubt with certainty, finds its resolution in the statement: ‘He is no ordinary tree; he is a wish-fulfilling tree.’

5.36 | He did not possess mere kingship, but the sovereignty of the King of Kings, Kubera; otherwise, how could all treasures have come under his command?

5.37 | His wife Rudrani kindled a thousand lamps upon the shore of Pushkara to break the darkness - not, the poet insists, a thousand blazing lingas.

5.38 | The yogini named Atmaprabha saw upon Sthanu the eight-flowered vine beginning with nonviolence bearing fruit under the guise of the eight mystic powers beginning with minuteness.

5.39 | As she entered the solar sphere, the women of the city knew her as Rudrani, yogis as the Yogini, and all knew her as Atmaprabha.

5.40 | His son Vigraharaja arose for the welfare of all the worlds, like the grace of Shiva itself assuming visible form.

5.41 | With his two arms he won one hundred and eighty-eight victories; with his stainless intellect he conquered Time, and with his mind he conquered Desire.

5.42 | The powers of the three luminaries, arrayed fivefold across Shiva's five faces, seemed to proclaim the complete reckoning of those victories.

5.43 | At Pushkara he built that temple for the sky-clad Lord; rising visibly through devotion, it shone like Kailasa.

5.44 | [Parts of this verse are lost in the source.] His son Simharaja appeared like a new creation of Dharma and like a worldly embodiment of Love.

5.45 | He too built at Pushkara a temple richly whitened with lime; it seemed a white-clad attendant worshiping the moon-crested Lord.

5.46 | On beholding Simharaja, another sovereign among lions, the elephant of the Kali age - which had destroyed Dharma's three-footed gait - bowed before him.

5.47 | His son was Vigraharaja embodied. Because he spared even offending enemies, judging them weak and therefore not to be harmed, he seemed almost no Kshatriya at all.

5.48 | The clouds of hoof-dust made the Sun appear as though his blue horses had vanished; from that dreadful darkness he won the name ‘Terrible Gloom of Hoof-Dust.’

5.49 | His horses, imagining themselves concealed by the dust of their own hooves, roamed fearlessly even through narrow streets.

5.50 | Through supreme and profound devotion, his army fashioned row upon row of Bana lingas, as though creating a true Narmada where no Narmada had flowed.

5.51 | He forced the Gurjara king Mularaja into the fortress of Kantha, as though that wretched ascetic had abandoned the spotless white robe of his fame.

5.52 | His horses darkened the Reva, that moon-born embodiment of the enemy's fame, just as the rays of the Sun obscure the lunar disk.

5.53 | At Bhrigukaccha he built a sanctuary of the goddess Ashapuri whose steps were touched by the Reva while the Moon kissed its summit.

5.54 | His younger brother was Durlabharaja, attended by the minister Madhava as Love is attended by spring; through him the hearts of women continually behaved as though possessed by Kama.

5.55 | On the eastern mountain his glories behaved like moonrise; on Malaya they became sandalwood, on Mandara an ocean of milk, and on the Himalaya snow.

5.56 | From him was born Govindaraja, whose fame seemed to arise in those forms from a desire to cool the maidens of the quarters.

5.57 | [The opening words of this verse are lost in the source.] While the lord of poets celebrated him as one who made enemy hosts drink the wine of destruction, his fame roamed the world as though seeking to follow men of valor.

5.58 | From him came the earth-lord Vakpatiraja, who turned the Kali age into the Krita age and made the earth into heaven.

5.59 | He dispatched Ambaprasada, lord of Aghata, together with his army to the southern ruler Yama; only afterward did he send his own fame there.

5.60 | His dagger split Ambaprasada's face, which was abandoned at the same instant by splendor, life, and breath.

5.61 | To enemy mountains he became Indra, the cleaver of peaks; to the widows of foes he was Fire, consumer of bodies; and to hostile cities he was Death, their terrible destroyer.

5.62 | Those skilled in policy called him Varuna; men desiring swift action called him the Wind; petitioners called him Kubera; and in youth he assumed the majesty of Ishana.

5.63 | Even the full moon - the image of Shiva seated upon a crystal throne and marked with a rod of sapphire - could not surpass his fame.

5.64 | Even now he has not passed to the other world, for Earth, forgetting her line of other kings, still bears him in her heart.

5.65 | His son Viryarama would, through his prowess and beauty, have resembled Love himself - had bow-bearing Shiva not looked upon him with a gracious eye.

5.66 | Peerless in battle and purified by combat alone, he remained worthy even when abandoned by the great warriors who had stood as his allies.

5.67 | Inaccessible to kings and lovely as the nectar-rayed Moon, he - together with his moon-bright fame - was struck down by Bhoja, lord of Avanti.

5.68 | His younger brother Chamundaraja built a temple of Vishnu at Narapura and thereby fashioned for himself an abode in Vishnu's heaven.

5.69 | From him came King Durlabharaja; before the feet of his advancing warriors, moving kings and immovable mountains alike seemed to roll down in fear.

5.70 | When the heroic lion set in battle against the elephant-like Mlecchas, cruel Fate incurred both blame and bitter remorse.

5.71 | His younger brother Vigraharaja was lord among princes as Shesha is lord among serpents; together, those two relieved the earth of her burden of kings and mountains.

5.72 | Earth had been borne upon Shesha's heads, upon the tusk of the Boar-incarnation, upon the great Tortoise's back, and upon the shoulders of the elephants of the quarters -

5.73 | - and upon the feet of the ring of mountains; but when that mighty-armed king bore her in his two arms, Earth at last experienced the joy of a close embrace.

5.74 | His glory shone as the snow upon Himalaya, as the radiance of Kailasa's slopes, as Ganga upon Meru, and as fame upon that earth-bearing king.

5.75 | He showed forbearance even toward the weak who had offended, yet seized the land of the powerful even when they were innocent.

5.76 | By obtaining the Malava king Udayaditya he attained exaltation, just as the ocean gains fullness from the lake of the heavenly Ganga.

5.77 | He gave Udayaditya the fleet horse named Saranga; for who other than the Ocean of Milk could bestow Uchchaihshravas?

5.78 | After receiving that horse, the Malava king defeated the Gurjara Karna; once Aruna gains the chariot of the Sun, he can cross the sky.

5.79 | [Part of this verse is lost in the source.] His son was Prithviraja, who, like the son of Love's enemy Shiva, remained a youthful celibate.

5.80 | Night after night his followers beheld him as four-armed; apart from Airavata, what other being is ever heard of as four-tusked?

5.81 | At Pushkara he killed seven hundred Chalukyas who had plundered Brahma's treasury, teaching all who coveted Brahmin property that such desire destroys an entire lineage.

5.82 | Along the road to Somnath he maintained an unbroken food-house, declaring: ‘For those seeking liberation, this meal is merely an incidental enjoyment.’

5.83 | From him was born Ajayaraja, eager to give; it was as though the wish-fulfilling tree had arisen from the ocean that bestows every jewel.

5.84 | Kings recited his name as ‘the achiever and endurer,’ for its three seed syllables reflected the three powers of sovereignty.

5.85 | Through that gentle king, the radiant Malava ruler Suhana was subdued, as the Sun's forest fires are quenched when enveloped by clouds.

5.86 | He went to Indra's city, I think, only to release the blossoming fame of the celestial wish-fulfilling trees that he had restrained while alive.

5.87 | Since he made the faces of enemy women abandon their lotus beauty, what poets did not afterward acquire poetic splendor through praising him?

5.88 | He filled the land with silver and copper coins; the company of poets, in turn, filled it with golden figures of speech and beautiful syllables.

5.89 | Through warriors devoted to victory he eclipsed the fame of contemporary kings; through his beloved coinage and poetic figures he eclipsed that of kings past and future.

5.90 | His beloved Somalekha, though daily adorned with newly minted coins and newly fashioned beauty, never came into contact with stain, unlike the crescent Moon.

5.91 | She bore Arnoraja, born together with good fortune, cherished together with his subjects, and raised alongside accumulated merit.

5.92 | That queen became dear to the king together with stainless fame, while their beloved son arose together with fierce valor.

5.93 | His prosperity shone without pride and his fame without disgrace, like a sandalwood vine free of the serpent that coils around it.

5.94 | As learning perishes without poetry and youth without wealth, the enemy's immense strength perished when deprived of its blazing vigor.

5.95 | His Fortune, free from the fault of greed as a lotus opens free from night, became a blossoming lotus; but the fortune of his enemies, deprived of the sunlight that bestows prosperity, became a withered water-lily.

5.96 | The quarters were first heated by the fire of his prowess, then beautified by his judgment, afterward made red with devotion, and finally clothed in his fame.

5.97 | His devotion to Shiva, free from every fault and endowed with every virtue, continually captivated his heart like an impeccable beloved.

5.98 | Watered by policy, his Fortune gradually sprouted through valor, unfolded layers of radiance, and bore an unbroken succession of merit as fruit.

5.99 | Mounted upon his arm, that Fortune-vine grew into a hundred branches, blessed by long-traveling supplicants whose fatigue, hunger, and thirst he had relieved.

5.100 | In the gardens of the gods he endowed ponds whose lotus faces shone with beauty, whose pairs of chakravaka birds resembled breasts, and whose chains of intoxicated bees resembled necklaces.

5.101 | His fame, though traveling very far and eclipsing the Moon, sandalwood, camphor, and pearl necklaces, nevertheless grew ever whiter.

5.102 | Although his fame was enchanting, he never kissed it with his own lips by praising himself; he let it move freely. [The close of this verse is lost in the source.]

5.103 | [The opening part of this verse is lost in the source.] Through the strength of intellect alone he enjoyed the pleasures resting upon the senses and brought every human aim to fulfillment.

5.104 | His statecraft, beautiful in every limb, became the cherished beloved of all: within it shone wisdom, strength, and energy, together with the accomplishments, political means, and royal qualities.

5.105 | Exalted in sovereignty over the earth, he accepted rank only for the sake of others; his humbled enemy, when land was gained, acted only for himself.

5.106 | He needed neither a minister, for he knew the decrees of fate, nor the strength of allies. [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] Knowing the six means of proof and their application, that lord of the ten directions required no omniscient authority.

5.107 | Once the objective was accomplished, he perceived no contrary position in his senseless foe; from the smoke-like dust raised by his heat, the earth was inferred to be full of fire.

5.108 | Through crossings of unassailable mountains, which deprived his foes of their taste for the earth and left them afflicted, he made their fame abandon its full and spotless condition.

5.109 | [The opening of this verse is lost in the source.] As Earth embraced his fame and became filled with the dust of jewels, Fate itself made her assume the condition of a woman in her season.

5.110 | Women love those skilled in both caressing and chastening; therefore he subdued the Earth with his fame and prowess.

5.111 | He shone with intelligent counselors versed in the ten branches and with powerful companions trained in exertion. [Part of the verse is lost in the source.]

5.112 | He equaled Hari, the renowned foe of serpents and bearer of the sphere of earth, at ease in his chosen descents; through the verse's second meanings, he also equaled Indra with Airavata.

5.113 | In battle he conquered maddened Matangas - Mleccha warriors furnished with keen weapons, straying from the ordained path, and mounted on mighty elephants. [A small part of the verse is lost in the source.]

5.114 | [The verse is lost in the source.]

5.115 | Only Fate knew what difference there was between the merits of his former births and his own swans with their perfectly spotless wings.

5.116 | At his departure the sky seemed sunless, the days dark, and the people bereft of sight.

5.117 | In his empire the day-lotuses did not grow angry at night, nor the night-lilies by day; only their insensibility could explain it.

5.118 | For certain blessed men, wealth placed in a worthy site, and increased by their descendants, endures until the end of the age.

5.119 | [The verse is lost in the source.]

5.120 | Through its temples the name Ajayameru became meaningful, for through the power of merit there is nothing that cannot come into being.

5.121 | There the wise acknowledged no eminence apart from Shiva's two feet, for all the sages yearned to behold them.

5.122 | The fire worshiped there by performers of good rites gave visible fruit: its smoke became clouds and served as the cause of rain.

5.123 | Stars there were flowers within reach, the pools of Mandakini were objects of reverence, and the celestial voices of the third libation could be heard. [Part of the verse is lost in the source.]

5.124 | [Most of this verse is lost in the source.]

5.125 | Though its loftiness made it visible from every side, Kali never beheld the city despite its beauty everywhere. [Part of the verse is lost in the source.]

5.126 | No one there was merely righteous or merely desirous of fame; Kali, finding no refuge at all, could never gain entrance.

5.127 | [Most of this verse is lost in the source.]

5.128 | [The verse is lost in the source.]

5.129 | There, companions of travelers' wives stood at the windows and reproached the Moon, though honored by the world, whenever his first slender crescent appeared.

5.130 | The royal palace shone with tigers that seemed gentle deer, with Matangas that were splendidly tusked elephants, and with black antelopes mingled among tawny lions.

5.131 | Though born from the dark swords of kings, the mass of their fame arose there perpetually white, in harmony with royal swans.

5.132 | There equality was free of harshness, while its coolness burned the enemy. [The close of the verse is lost in the source.]

5.133 | [The opening of this verse is lost in the source.] There Dharma did not rise to depart even though all four of his feet were complete.

5.134 | There everyone's income and expenditure occurred together; for the virtuous, expenditure came first and income followed in its train.

5.135 | Three-eyed Shiva dwelt in the citizens' hearts, while Love blazed within the women of the city.

5.136 | From the women's sidelong glances Love arose there with every limb restored; even when defeated by the young men, he gained strength from their beauty.

5.137 | There the crest-jewel among kings served the Supreme Lord in order to win the world's esteem. [Part of the verse is lost in the source.]

5.138 | Although the kings of that city bore the ocean-girt Earth upon their arms, their pure-bodied fame could not be contained even by all the worlds.

5.139 | The residents' prosperity increased Dharma there, and Dharma in turn increased the residents' prosperity.

5.140 | In its stepwells, wells, tanks, and many drinking places, the life-giving water of benefactors who had gone to heaven could still be seen.

5.141 | The fame of its kings dwelt unchanged in heaven, in the sky, in the netherworld, and in every direction.

5.142 | [The opening of this verse is lost in the source.] The fame created by kings through their gifts was guarded, rather than destroyed, by later kings.

5.143 | Elsewhere rulers assail others because they are weak; there, for that very reason, kings protected strangers.

5.144 | There valor caused prowess, prowess caused prosperity, prosperity caused affection for the kings, and Dharma caused both enjoyment and liberation.

5.145 | There wealth followed Dharma, desire followed wealth, and liberation followed the desire of those who sought the highest good.

5.146 | There women's bodies gloried in youth, youth in beauty, beauty in special radiance, and that radiance in perfect grace.

5.147 | Shiva is the essence of the three worlds; his three-eyedness is his essence; the Moon is the essence even of that - and the Moon was merely a likeness of the city's women's faces.

5.148 | From the windows of its gold-crested mansions, mortals enjoyed breezes from the waves of the heavenly Ganges.

5.149 | [Most of this verse is lost in the source.]

5.150 | [The verse is lost in the source.]

5.151 | Frightened by the submarine fire that robs him of everything, Varuna surely took refuge as water in the city's wells; how else could water be found in a mountain fortress?

5.152 | At home its kings embodied the guardians of the directions from Varuna through Indra; against other cities they assumed the forms of the remaining guardians - Fire, Death, and Destruction.

5.153 | There a king, a painter, and a poet surely gained heaven by respectively protecting, constructing, and describing the temples of the gods.

5.154 | Rendered useless by the kings' fame and prowess, the Moon at midnight and the Sun at noon served merely as parasols for the temples.

5.155 | The fragrant smoke used to dress its women's hair first darkened the moon-white mansions and then the white-rayed Moon himself.

5.156 | At night the breeze, bearing droplets from the mansions' moonstones, carried off the pride of the jewel-like beads of sweat on moon-bright cheeks.

5.157 | With his five flower-arrows Love stole the lovers' golden lotus-grove of the heart, even though it had been tested in the fire of separation.

5.158 | Proud men abandoned all their wealth at home to take up that city's fame, even after others had already tasted it.

5.159 | In the houses of generous men, wealth was left entirely unguarded; yet naive young women praised their lovers for never abandoning them.

5.160 | Even slander of another was a raging fever to the ears of good men there; fearing disgrace for themselves, who could ever practice it?

5.161 | As the city grew in splendor, Amaravati first ceased to be its standard of comparison and finally became unworthy even to be compared with it.

5.162 | When the mansions of other cities whitened beneath dense moonlight, its mansions darkened with the smoke of black aloeswood.

5.163 | There beauty shone adorned by character, wealth by generosity, intelligence by learning, and all three by merit.

5.164 | Other cities, full of thieves and punishments, impoverished by famine and nearly depopulated, could not rival it. [Part of the verse is lost in the source.]

5.165 | There Dharma did not pass into hypocrisy, wealth into greed, desire into attachment to what was improper, nor liberation into primacy gained by ignoble methods.

5.166 | [The verse is lost in the source.]

5.167 | There clouds were concealed by aloeswood smoke from the windows, and their lightning was concealed by the rays of golden mansions.

5.168 | Its nights were windows filled with many lovely faces like one unbroken moon, and its days were long lotus-pools filled with faces equal in beauty.

5.169 | There the Moon's central stain was whitened by floods of rays from crystal houses, or else his entire body turned blue beneath the beams of sapphire mansions.

5.170 | Kali could not bring the city to impurity, for the Moon's disk shines all the more distinctly amid darkness.

5.171 | There the go-betweens dismissed importunate lovers with the reply: 'I would accept a lover's virtue from you - if only she herself did not refuse to accept you.'

5.172 | Whom do holy men worship after going to Pushkara? Brahma. What, brought home from Pushkara, do they touch and deem purifying? Water.

5.173 | When companions saw a bride beside her lover, her hand resting on the lotus at her ear as she watched the lamp, they understood her wish and left her alone.

5.174 | There a woman concealed the sweat raised by her lover's touch, saying, 'My fever has only just left me; your cold hand is unwholesome.'

5.175 | There lovers repeated a new bride's words - 'Do not; someone may come in. Do not; the sound may be heard outside' - but their intonation turned her warnings into encouragement.

5.176 | There proud women said, 'No love for you remains within me; put away the anger in your heart,' while their lovers delighted them by replying, 'I am bowed before you.'

5.177 | When an infant reached out to grasp a jewel-lamp, the startled nurse cried, 'Ah! Ah!' and the maidservants laughed at her.

5.178 | There contemplatives envisioned the feet of Death-conquering Shiva, their toes muddied with nectar pressed from the full moon beneath them.

5.179 | The market street, dusty with spilled camphor and musk, clothed the city's inhabitants in white and black.

5.180 | The city Rama conquered beyond the sea and the city Krishna built within the sea were not fit even to serve this one.

5.181 | In its mansions, women whose jasmine coiffures smiled beneath moonbeams sang to their lovers, and their companions echoed the song.

5.182 | At moonrise in the mansions, the pure eyes of lotus-eyed women rested on the road their lovers would take; even bees could not distract them.

5.183 | [Most of this verse is lost in the source.]

5.184 | [The verse is lost in the source.]

5.185 | There the forcible prostration of guilty lovers at women's feet both kindled the fire of anger and poured down the water of reconciliation.

5.186 | At the end of lovemaking, women saw the nail-marks they had themselves given their lovers, forgot their origin, and let them become a momentary obstacle.

5.187 | When a lover bowed before her, a woman's glance turned aside, reddened, filled with tears and smiles, while her confidante witnessed every involuntary emotion.

5.188 | Love, who had defeated the women through the expressive curves of their brows, was himself defeated there by their lovers.

5.189 | Beloved women's voices, skilled at conquering the warbling of playful cuckoos, produced manifold delights for those who desired them.

5.190 | [Most of this verse is lost in the source.]

5.191 | [The verse is lost in the source.]

5.192 | Having established Ajayameru in this fashion, Ajayaraja placed his son - endowed with strength of arm and sound policy - upon the throne, then rose as though eager to behold heaven.

5.193 | Then Arnoraja, meditating constantly upon Sadashiva, gained from the gracious god in this very life the matchless strength of a five-faced lion. He made Pushkara an incomparable stronghold, intent on tearing apart the lotus-like parasols of every foe and filling the proud elephant-kings of the Mlecchas with terror.

Sarga 6

Arnoraja crushes a Turkish invading force near Ajayameru, leaving a grim battlefield that contrasts with the restored security of his kingdom. The sarga then turns to dynastic marriages, lunar ancestry, and heroic memory. Its damaged final movement presents a threatened man appealing for rescue and a champion preparing to intervene.

6.1 | [Most of this verse is lost in the source.]

6.2 | Dust alone shattered the radiance of the primeval Sun; emerging in his heat, the king's arm became the submarine fire of the ocean of his army. [Part of the verse is lost in the source.]

6.3 | Because the Mleccha army fled with its back to the battle, its soldiers' separation from life became an auspicious moment for the hells, not good fortune for the Sun's disk, which only warriors slain face-forward could pierce.

6.4 | What the iron blows of Ajayameru's warriors had to accomplish, many Turks suffered from the crushing weight of their own iron armor.

6.5 | [The verse is lost in the source.]

6.6 | [The opening of this verse is lost in the source.] Some wounded horses drank blood as readily as travelers take provisions for a road infested with murderous bandits.

6.7 | A whirlwind covered some of the fallen dead with desert sand, as though compassionately performing for them at life's end the burial rite proper to their custom.

6.8 | After men removed from the highway certain corpses whose stench barred the way, the carrion-eaters at last became connoisseurs of Turkish flesh.

6.9 | The burden that lifeless Turks had first placed upon the earth was transferred, after their feast, to the swollen bellies of the jackals.

6.10 | The owls had foretold disaster when the Turks entered Sapadalaksha; after tasting their flesh, the clan of crows announced that the omen had proved auspicious for itself.

6.11 | [Most of this verse is lost in the source.]

6.12 | [The verse is lost in the source.]

6.13 | The earth, briefly purified by the heroic essence of the king's soldiers, then sank for a long time into the repellent essence fouled by the blood of the outcast host.

6.14 | Ajayaraja's son's army, enriched with the Turkish horses taken from those slain or captured, made every direction seem populated with many Uchchaihshravas.

6.15 | At the battle's beginning all could enter that royal army except Fear; at its end none could enter it except Fortune.

6.16 | [The verse is lost in the source.]

6.17 | [The verse is lost in the source.]

6.18 | The king beheld unprecedented splendor in the city: without any rebuilding, it had been renewed by a moving ornament of many-colored cloth - the multitude of captured banners.

6.19 | No one knows under what auspicious constellation the king instituted that great festival, which even now fills the whole earth in remembrance of the routed Turkish invasion.

6.20 | The ground where the impure army was slain remained terrible for a long time, noisy with gatherings of vultures and packs of jackals among the skeletons.

6.21 | To purify that place, which had suddenly become a hell for life and senses, the king made a lake whose fame stripped even the Milk Ocean of its glory.

6.22 | [Most of this verse is lost in the source.]

6.23 | The king filled that lake with the famous Chandranadi, which courses through Pushkara's open spaces, just as Bhagiratha filled the ocean with the Ganges.

6.24 | Though filled with waters bearing the nectar of the moon on Shiva's crown, the ocean became salty, as though through a trace of demerit belonging to Sagara's sons.

6.25 | Who could truly fathom the merits of Ajayaraja's son? Though situated in the saline land of Shakambhari, his pleasure-lake was the intimate companion of nectar.

6.26 | The lofty temple he built for the Varuna-arrow linga in his father's name shone like the Himalaya come to increase the waters of that lake.

6.27 | [Part of this verse is lost in the source.] Through worship of that linga, Earth seemed divided between the noose-bearing Varuna and the lord of serpents.

6.28 | [The verse is lost in the source.]

6.29 | In the western direction the noose-bearing Varuna seemed to have placed side by side, for purposes of trial, a portion of Avici called the desert and a fragment of heaven called Gurjara.

6.30 | From those two regions came two queens of matching excellence to share the king, like the eye and the moon-crescent born respectively of the netherworld and heaven to adorn Shiva.

6.31 | The elder queen, named Sudhava and making her name meaningful by gaining that noble husband, bore three sons like Nature's three qualities - equal in status yet distinct from one another.

6.32 | One son, like ten-necked Ravana, desired a name opposed to his father's; another, even in childhood, did not win a name by Kumbhakarna's rule. [Part of the verse is lost in the source.]

6.33 | The third, exalted in innate goodness and mighty in strength, was named Vigraharaja. [The close of the verse is lost in the source.]

6.34 | The Gurjara king Jayasimha gave him Kanchanadevi, and she bore a jewel-like son named Someshvara. [Part of the verse is lost in the source.]

6.35 | When astrologers declared that Rama would be born as his son to complete a remaining task, the boy's maternal grandfather, recognizing his destiny, took him to his own city.

6.36 | Although the Creator favored him in every way, he lacked the genius to fashion a son worthy of him; therefore he did not grant him a continuing line.

6.37 | The god who surpassed four-faced Brahma and unsundered-faced Vishnu by being five-faced made his son Guha six-faced.

6.38 | Even Shiva could not contrive for Kumara a descendant more excellent than Kumara himself; unwilling to create one inferior or equal, he therefore made him an eternal youth. [Part of the verse is lost in the source.]

6.39 | [The verse is lost in the source.]

6.40 | [Most of this verse is lost in the source.]

6.41 | May the emperor rejoice in this radiant grandson, destined to become Rama's father and to remove from Kubera, giver of the aerial chariot, the shame inflicted by a mortal.

6.42 | At last turning toward the astrologer the bee of his gaze, intoxicated by dwelling amid the beauty of his grandson's lotus-face, the king spoke.

6.43 | Many people have told me this in many ways, yet my mind remains a house of doubt; among base flatterers there is nothing pleasing that cannot be said.

6.44 | Yet in truth you seem to me the Creator's counselor in his sixfold policy - or else his master-scribe, composing the letters set upon men's foreheads.

6.45 | [Most of this verse is lost in the source.]

6.46 | [Most of this verse is lost in the source.]

6.47 | Vishnu's birth in the age of Kali would be a painting in the sky, a heavenly coral tree in the desert, or sunrise in the realm of the serpent-kings.

6.48 | What woman in this age could possess such merit that the bow-bearing Lord would make her womb holier even than the body of the Ganges?

6.49 | The astrologer, a handsome embodiment of creative power, smiled at Jayadevasimha as he spoke from his couch of conjecture and doubt, and answered with assurance.

6.50 | [Most of this verse is lost in the source.]

6.51 | [The opening of this verse is lost in the source.] He raised Kausalya's gaze from the ocean of tears in which it had sunk beneath the fire of grief.

6.52 | With his tawny mass of matted hair, like lightning amid cloud-dark locks, Rama wiped her feet pale from the falling water of tears.

6.53 | After Rama's prostration, Sugriva and Vibhishana bowed and released her feet; the Wind's son worshiped one foot and Sumitra's son the other.

6.54 | When the startled mother drew back her feet, saying, 'You are supremely worthy of my reverence; do not bow to me,' the matted-haired Lakshmana spoke.

6.55 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] Mother, grant me, if only for a moment, the favor of your glance.

6.56 | [The opening half of the verse is lost in the source.] In his heart, the treasury of devotion to his elder brother, the wound seemed like the impression of a seal.

6.57 | Though his mother touched it with her finger and asked, 'What is this?', Lakshmana said nothing; and the lord of monkeys, mighty enough to lift Mount Drona, bowed beneath an overwhelming burden of shame.

6.58 | Rama told his mother the whole story: how the spear struck Lakshmana and how the Wind's son became his physician.

6.59 | What praise is it of the son of the Life-breath to say that he restored a single life, when he gives life to the worlds? Hari shines less through the Kaustubha than through this mark named Lakshmana.

6.60 | [The opening of this verse is lost in the source.] The god who had assumed humanity in play, recalling Kausalya's words and Lakshmana's service, spoke as follows.

6.61 | Mother, why do you petition me so? That is not the way of women such as you. Does the goddess Bhavani distinguish in the least between Kartikeya as her own and Gangeya as another's son?

6.62 | Yet this is what I desire: as my younger brother served me, so may I become the Eighth One's younger brother and repay that service by serving him.

6.63 | After serving him for a long time and recognizing that all states of being perish in an instant, I shall cast off this burdensome mass of matted hair, shave my head, and wear the ochre robe.

6.64 | Thus Lakshmana spoke, bowing modestly at the words of Earth's son-in-law that had entered his ears, while his awakened cluster of fame made the whole season seem springlike.

6.65 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] May this wish of mine bear fruit.

6.66 | [The opening of the verse is lost in the source.] I shall become the thousand-headed serpent, bearing the coils upon whose hoods the earth, sanctified by your feet, is upheld.

6.67 | O mighty lord, in this flawless tale thus begun before his mother, the word of the elder son of Dasharatha bore fruit through the enduring bond of affection between the brothers.

6.68 | For Krishna, companion to his elder brother when that brother assumed the form of Rama, later became the Tathagata, devoted to the consecration of his younger brother.

6.69 | Hear attentively, my lord, how the princess of Kosala became the treasury in which two jewel-like sons were deposited; I shall tell it as I know it.

6.70 | Victorious is the Moon: the right eye of the three worlds, the left eye of the three primal causes, and the pure, womb-less child of both sage Atri and the Ocean.

6.71 | As though saying, 'I made my body eightfold for the world's welfare, but you made yours sixteenfold,' Maheshvara reverently bears the Moon upon his head.

6.72 | [The opening of the verse is lost in the source.] He bears the Moon in his hand, within the nectar-vessel of his heart, and in his left eye, like camphor displayed to sight.

6.73 | All eight forms of Shiva serve the world, yet this lunar form excels them: at every season the Lord, without conflict, favors both Love and Time.

6.74 | As though aware that even royal wives whose wishes are unbroken cannot know the joy of new beloveds, the Moon assumes a fresh form each night for Daksha's fortunate daughters.

6.75 | With the demons' preceptor supporting him, he disputed with the Lord of Speech over a son and won the proclamation of victory; a king's favor toward a poet is indeed the better support.

6.76 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] From it arose the repeated saying, 'A stain, a stain.'

6.77 | Since even the wife of Angiras's son chose him by force of love, how can that be a blemish? Did not the goddess Rukmini leave Damaghosha's son and embrace Vishnu, the Moon-like Lord?

6.78 | From the snow-white Moon was born dark-shining Budha, just as a blue lotus fit for Indra's queen's ear springs from the milk-white current of the heavenly river.

6.79 | As though remembering that dark child upon his lap, whose contrasting hue heightened beauty, the Moon still keeps the deer-mark with its lovely blue-lotus eye.

6.80 | Set among the pale Moon and Venus, the diamond Jupiter, and the ruby Mars and Sun, Budha becomes the sapphire, joined with dawn, in the necklace of the sky's goddess.

6.81 | [The opening of the verse is lost in the source.] Budha, dwelling close to his father the Moon, teaches policy to the Earth-born Mars, while Saturn remains near his father the Sun.

6.82 | Budha's son Pururavas became a universal monarch and Indra's friend, offering himself as repayment to Urvashi, grateful that he had defeated the demons and made her fearless.

6.83 | Although consecrated and opposed as cold and hot, Varuna and Mitra gazed upon Urvashi; therefore Varuna burned with passion while Mitra sank into stupor.

6.84 | Urvashi too, on obtaining that lord of men, became so subject to love's birth that Shachi beside her seemed an ordinary woman. [The close of the verse is lost in the source.]

6.85 | [The verse is lost in the source.]

6.86 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] Through the austerities of the sage who desired a son equal to Indra, the pride of the ascetics' lord was itself fulfilled.

6.87 | Gadhi's son became a ninth lord of mountains upon earth; in his sacrifices to Indra, the giver and receiver of satisfaction were forever one and the same.

6.88 | Who can know the true nature of Gadhi's son? Though first possessing royal, silvery status, through austerity and contemplation he passed beyond the warrior order into golden Brahminhood.

6.89 | He brought Harishchandra low and raised Trishanku to the heights; even after renouncing kingship, his wrath and favor still ruled the fortunes of kings.

6.90 | Even the universal monarch Bharata was born in that lunar line. [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] In his city, Indra's queen repeatedly begged protection for the kingdom.

6.91 | [The opening of the verse is lost in the source.] As though recalling that Rama had slain Kartavirya, the maddened elephant of that lineage was subdued by Rama.

6.92 | With his two hundred and fifty pairs of arms he surely restrained each quarter so firmly that, while he protected the earth, not one of Dharma's feet could move.

6.93 | This king protected the age of perfection, while Kali awoke only in the act of stealing it; hence he became renowned throughout the world by the name Kalachuri.

6.94 | Some kings inherited that name as an ornament; when the law of Kali arose, they took refuge in the forest of Kali, as though escaping the heat.

6.95 | Among them, the king named Sahasika became foremost of those who tread the road of battle; the bright line of his sword appeared to enemy kings as the goddess Kali.

6.96 | [The verse is lost in the source.]

6.97 | [The opening of the verse is lost in the source.] Sahasika gave the fortune of his kingdom as a teacher's fee to the ascetic Vamadeva, then set out to conquer the whole earth.

6.98 | Though versed in the jewel of astrology, even I cannot know the truth of that crown-jewel among kings: I follow the course of fate, but his splendor makes fate itself follow him.

6.99 | Knowing that conquest of the quarters required only the stringing of his bow, that crown-jewel of feudatories bore the earth attended by Fortune alone.

6.100 | Once, as the Sun kissed the western quarter, Tripuri fell before him as though to cut off even the shadow that would accompany his daring by night.

6.101 | 'This peerless lion walks the earth on only two feet; I have a thousand rays - how can I travel the sky by chariot?' Ashamed, the Sun withdrew.

6.102 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] Seeing the waning Moon in the dark fortnight as if abandoned by the Ocean, the blazing king was suddenly confronted by clouds.

6.103 | [The verse is lost in the source.]

6.104 | Devoted to daring from birth and true to his name, the king took the omen as favorable to boldness; when the cloud thundered, 'Go to the elephant,' he rejoiced.

6.105 | When a dense mass of clouds completely extinguished the stars' brilliance, the sound did not cease with nightfall; the hero followed that consummate illusionist's cry.

6.106 | Advancing toward the sound, he saw the deep moat of the city, called the Cremation Ground, as though filled with the aesthetic essence of terror.

6.107 | [The opening of the verse is lost in the source.] 'How could a worm like me satisfy with five oblations the Time-bow that consumed the Triple City and devours hundreds of crores of cosmic eggs?'

6.108 | Even in the heart of the spotless, nectar-bright Moon we see darkness. [The close of the verse is lost in the source.]

6.109 | [The opening of the verse is lost in the source.] 'Reveal the daring hero: an embodiment of strength like Shesha, protecting the earth.'

6.110 | 'Whoever in this world is truly daring, pure in the warrior's law, and adorned with the sword of compassion - may he save me from this fear of death.'

6.111 | Watched by lightning-like eyes from clouds that had grown heavy at that moment, as if consecrated to intervene, he spoke. [Part of the verse is lost in the source.]

6.112 | 'Poor wretches! Release at once this lamenting man whom the lord of fortune has brought within my reach; otherwise you shall - ' [The close of the verse is lost in the source.]

Sarga 7

A divine backstory connects earthly kingship with Nikumbha, Shiva's attendant, and a curse softened by the goddess. Dreams, omens, astrologers, and auspicious signs prepare the birth of Someshvara's son to Queen Karpuradevi. Prithviraja is born in the month of Jyeshtha and immediately appears destined for mastery and learning.

7.1 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] Nikumbha remains wakeful over Shiva's household, as though guarding the sisters of Bhavani.

7.2 | Imitating a lion in Himavat's forest, you frightened Airavata, who trumpeted when he heard the roar of the phantom beast.

7.3 | At the interruption of Shiva's story in the assembly, the Mountain's daughter grew angry with you, mistaking the sound for Airavata's trumpet.

7.4 | 'Since you have begun to sport freely in this forest like a king, go far from Maheshvara's feet and become a king upon the earth.'

7.5 | When Nikumbha humbly asked the limit of your curse, Bhavani gradually softened; her tears streamed like a river and she spoke.

7.6 | 'When, in the age of Kali, the steadfast rebirth of Rama - terror of ten-necked Ravana - comes to sovereignty on earth, your release shall occur.'

7.7 | Hearing Girija's words, you reflected: 'There is no evident way for my curse to end, since no means appears by which Rama can descend to earth in Kali.'

7.8 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] The gods could not behold the elephant beneath the moonlight, as though the curse itself concealed him.

7.9 | Freed from doubt by the astrologer's words, the king longed to cool the heat of bearing Earth's burden with the breeze raised by Shiva's playfully wagging tail.

7.10 | With the six divisions of military power he always conquered the enemies of kings; then, attaining the eightfold discipline of Yoga, he departed for the crystalline mountain.

7.11 | Then Kumarapala, who curled the diadems of Gurjara kings beneath his command, gained his daughter's son and, true to his name, protected him.

7.12 | The elder son of Sudhava's daughter then performed for his father the service that Bhrigu's son had once rendered his mother: he offered the solemn handful of water and severed his father's head.

7.13 | Like a lamp that destroys the oil sustaining it and then itself expires while diffusing fragrance, he slew his loving father and then perished, spreading the scent of attachment.

7.14 | Kumarapala never let the pure prince leave his side in battle, while heroic ardor ranged fourfold through elephants, horses, chariots, and infantry.

7.15 | Leaping from one elephant to another as Hanuman sprang from mountain to mountain, he seized Kukundra's dagger and with that very blade reduced Kukundra to a headless trunk.

7.16 | He married the daughter of the lord of Tripuri, Karpuradevi, whose power astrologers had proclaimed and whose alliance with valor was fitting, through the accumulated merit of Sapadalaksha.

7.17 | Their pair - each stealing the other's heart and courage while remaining perfectly composed - became one body, like the divine couple Parvati and Shiva.

7.18 | No trace of divided feeling could be perceived in them; their very names began with Soma and Karpura, and their fame made even heat turn cool.

7.19 | One day the king saw the lotus-naveled Lord in a dream, as though Vishnu wished to take up residence within his heart. [Part of the verse is lost in the source.]

7.20 | At sunrise the dream revealed Hari's non-duality. [Most of the verse is lost in the source.]

7.21 | Astonished, the king related the dream to the astrologer, who witnessed the full working of the rites.

7.22 | He said: 'What the king saw at the beginning of night will bear fruit after a long time; what the queen saw at dawn admits no such delay.'

7.23 | Mars, standing in Capricorn, makes a fitting friendship with the submarine fire, while sluggish Saturn enters Aquarius as though the sky offers him no beauty.

7.24 | Venus enters Pisces as though wishing to propitiate Vishnu, the demons' foe; the Sun mounts Aries as if to give his horses rest.

7.25 | The crescent-crowned Moon approaches Taurus, his familiar bull, while Budha enters Gemini as if seeking the nature shared by two.

7.26 | [The opening of the verse is lost in the source.] The sacrificer approached Earth, regarding the fiery planet as the sacred flame.

7.27 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] Each planet occupied its proper sign, seated as if its own task had already been accomplished.

7.28 | To cast away the blackness of Kali, Time performed penance with five blazing fires, as if yearning to become once more the accomplished age of truth.

7.29 | At that pure moment Hari himself placed his own being within the queen's womb; soon the earth would reveal prosperity that uprooted even the memory of Rama's reign.

7.30 | After rewarding the foremost astrologer with showers of garments, ornaments, and gifts, the king celebrated until dusk.

7.31 | When the calculated nights had passed, the queen's face grew gently pale, like the lotus in Hari's navel as he entered her womb.

7.32 | As her moonlike face slowly waned and her limbs grew slender, it seemed anxiety over the greatness of what her belly would bear had arisen within her.

7.33 | As though assuming the qualities of the child in her womb - qualities that would prevent other luminaries from acting as they pleased - she gradually lost her appetite.

7.34 | Hearing, 'Soon the whole earth will be food for your son,' she ate little; perhaps even in her mild craving she tasted the soil's sweetness.

7.35 | Her belly, learned in refuting the doctrine of three folds, grew only slowly - far different from Indra's thunderbolt, which split the single demon Bala.

7.36 | As her Hari-like waist lost its beauty beneath the swelling elephant-temple of her womb, the darkening nipples seemed to mourn the former splendor of her breasts.

7.37 | The good would later kiss the mouth of the child who was to be born; but the dark hue of her breasts had already kissed the face of this future Vishnu.

7.38 | Wherever she placed her feet, she could hardly lift them again; as though the future earth-bearer were bowing beneath each step.

7.39 | She saw Lakshmi holding a thousand-petaled lotus above her face, filled with all the Moon's digits and the Sun's thousand rays.

7.40 | She once saw the golden-winged Garuda, with a serpent hanging from his blazing mouth, like Mount Meru advancing boldly, stained by the streaming Yamuna.

7.41 | She saw herself lying upon the coiled body of Shesha, as though the Moon's disk had hurried within to cool the heat of her heavy womb.

7.42 | She saw herself seated on the balcony of a moonstone palace, as though Hari in her womb had brought the White Island for her viewing.

7.43 | When spring ended, it seemed to see no further use for itself: Earth was about to receive another brother of Love, another Madhava.

7.44 | As nights grew thinner, their embodied purity seemed to deliberate over the moment of Vishnu's descent for dispelling the darkness, while the darkness itself waned as Kali's ally.

7.45 | The Solar dynasty must soon attain supreme increase: days lengthened and lotus pools opened as though smiling at the news.

7.46 | With Someshvara's beloved bearing in her womb the blazing lord who would relieve Earth's burden, the Sun moved languidly toward the ocean as though the task of lifting the earth were already assumed.

7.47 | Even the Ocean, abandoned by his customary sleep while the divine bride carried Hari, seemed to enter the mortal world by day to serve that same Lord.

7.48 | As Vishnu dwelt elsewhere, the northern quarter filled with the snowy waters of Himavat, as though to keep the submarine fire from drinking the entire sea.

7.49 | Amid auspicious signs whose power was revealed by rows of moths around jewel-lamps, the queen entered the lying-in chamber. [Part of the verse is lost in the source.]

7.50 | In Jyeshtha, the king's son was born: making that month truly 'eldest,' intensifying the summer's fearsome heat by his own power, ennobling the twelfth lunar day, and raising the Solar line's splendor.

7.51 | Though still a child, he stood above every blessing; Sarasvati herself seemed to make him master of sacred learning and of all the arts.

Sarga 8

Heaven and earth celebrate Prithviraja's birth with music, flowers, gifts, and cosmic rejoicing. The child receives his name, grows in beauty and intelligence, and is joined by his younger brother Hariraja. The latter half honours Someshvara's pious works and his ascent to Shiva's realm, where his son's future glory consoles him.

8.1 | As though declaring that sound truly belongs to space, the women of Indra's city filled heaven with music.

8.2 | The shower of flowers appeared as a cloud born from celestial drums, radiant with lightning made of glowing filaments.

8.3 | The faces of the quarters grew serene, as though wiped clean by breezes from the wings of heavenly bees mingling with the floral rain.

8.4 | Seeing Earth provided with a lord by the prince's birth, the winds did not dare touch even her dust.

8.5 | Fire seemed to forbid himself entry into creatures at the wrong time, raising his southward flames like restraining hands.

8.6 | The Moon and Sun, seeing their two dynasties united and exalted, became the shining vessels of his fame and power.

8.7 | Lotus pools became transparently pure, enriched by qualities, fortune, feet, and flowers - as though reflecting the child's virtues.

8.8 | Perceiving that their master, the treasure of the world, had appeared, Earth herself seemed jealous and revealed hidden stores of gold.

8.9 | When the prince, the embodiment of sacrificial law, was born, what sacrificer's inner self did not grow tranquil?

8.10 | Recognizing Vishnu's form descended among men, even the eight forms of the Lord of gods appeared filled with joy.

8.11 | The broken necklaces of dancing celestial women seemed a shower of pearls fit to lead even King Marutta captive.

8.12 | Carried by winds from the celestial Ganges, golden lotus filaments marked the falling flowers like Garuda's wings.

8.13 | The drumbeats born from the Apsarases' dance made Airavata bellow with excitement at Lakshmi's great festival.

8.14 | Drops of sweat falling from the dancing heavenly women seemed a hundred moons setting forth to irrigate Earth with nectar.

8.15 | Feathers shed by Brahma's swans as he came to see the celebration seemed fragments of the former kings' fading fame.

8.16 | The quarters resounded with innumerable celestial conches, as though their own clansmen were singing the virtues of Panchajanya.

8.17 | The falling flowers seemed moons dimmed by tears within a cloud of fragrant powders.

8.18 | The talkative heavenly singers wondered: 'The Sun rejoices at Hari's descent in his line - but to whom will he now give his horses, and what path will Aruna follow?'

8.19 | The Moon grew anxious to restrain his own deer, eager to force its way onto Rohini's face as she sang.

8.20 | The observers at the Moon's palaces sprinkled Deer-headed Mrigashirsha with tears of joy drawn by their own and others' songs.

8.21 | The quarters, shedding the impurity of Kali, grew fully clear, as though washed by the flood of the gods' tears of delight.

8.22 | The king completed the festival begun by the eight guardians of the directions for the child, the embodied mass of their valor.

8.23 | The king gave even what should never be given to petitioners; is it any wonder that he discharged his ancestral debt?

8.24 | While the king gave gold and jewels, even prisoners bound in chains gained release alongside ornaments removed from their bonds.

8.25 | Under the rising dust of camphor, musk, and fragrant powders, moonlight and darkness appeared to abandon their ancient hostility.

8.26 | The treasury-made festival was beyond even Mount Meru's heaps of gold and impossible even for Kubera as lord of wealth.

8.27 | It could scarcely have been produced by wish-granting trees, nor fashioned by jeweled pleasure mountains and wish-fulfilling gems.

8.28 | Even an army of wish-cows or the eight superhuman powers could not have achieved that celebration.

8.29 | As though Lakshmi herself had instructed him to test her supremacy, the king created this festival for his son's birth.

8.30 | To sanctify Earth and fulfill the word 'king,' he gave the child the four-syllabled name Prithviraja.

8.31 | Earth, made full of merit by receiving him through the accumulated merit of former ages, became pure through the incomparable cause of his future destruction of the Mlecchas.

8.32 | Because even as a child he became known for fulfilling every petitioner's wish, I think Earth, as the wish-cow, gave him her milk.

8.33 | He drank from a breast white as sandalwood and marked with musk at the nipple, as though the southeastern quarters had offered him their very essence.

8.34 | Taking the dark nipple of the fair breast into his mouth, he seemed to draw out the Moon's black and heart-piercing stain.

8.35 | The saffron upon his nurse's breast entered his mouth and carried deep into his heart an attachment to the land of Sharada.

8.36 | Touching the pearls upon his nurse's necklace, born from bamboo and oyster shell, his hand seemed to acquire sovereignty over mountain and ocean.

8.37 | His nurse placed her two breasts beside him like the river Tamraparni, for pearl-like words seemed already to issue from his mouth.

8.38 | His still inarticulate face-lotus was kissed by Sarasvati, whose future syllables would be flawless, and by Lakshmi in the form of his spotless fame.

8.39 | His speech shone neither when wholly unmanifest nor when fully manifest as it did in that lovely state between expression and silence.

8.40 | His crawling, borne alike upon hands and feet and accomplishing one purpose, delighted everyone like the Sun's motion by his rays.

8.41 | In his lotus-surpassing face speech became manifest, while in his lovely feet motion appeared, charming despite its stumbles.

8.42 | When nurses taught parrots to repeat, 'Rama dwells on every mountain,' the child grew wistful, as though remembering a former birth.

8.43 | The Ten-Avatars ornament placed on his neck for protection proclaimed that its wearer was protected by none other than himself.

8.44 | The shining tiger-claw charm upon his neck seemed to laugh at its own uselessness before the protector of the three worlds.

8.45 | Made beautiful by the tonsure rite, his face resembled the Moon's disk with its mark confined to the rearward side.

8.46 | The king again saw the queen in a dream, her body pale as though washed by the brilliance of the serpent king's coils.

8.47 | Having borne Prithviraja, the queen became pregnant again and resembled a lake whose day-lotus had opened while a night-lily was about to rise.

8.48 | She rejoiced still more in the child within her, as though that unborn younger son were already performing the rite that honored his elder brother.

8.49 | On the bright third day of Magha she obtained a second son, like the embodied favor of the goddess Parvati.

8.50 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] He was given the name Hariraja, as though created to fulfill that name by crushing elephants in battle.

8.51 | The births of Someshvara's two sons in Jyeshtha and Magha, between heat and cold, were purifying like those of Fire and the waters of Ganga.

8.52 | Born in the hot season and in Magha, the two made the extremes of heat and cold painfully sharp to the ears of their enemies.

8.53 | Knowing the earth secure beneath his brother's two sons, Vigraharaja, his task fulfilled, went to the presence of Shiva.

8.54 | Vigraharaja's son too was taken by Yama, who had seen the Solar line rising through Prithviraja.

8.55 | Kavibandhava followed Vigraharaja to Kailasa, leaving poets no refuge upon earth.

8.56 | Prithvibhata too, though complete in every virtue, suddenly departed as if to bring Vigraharaja back.

8.57 | Abandoning the line of Sudhava, from which men fell like pearls from a broken string, Royal Fortune longed to behold Someshvara.

8.58 | The great king, accompanied by his two sons like Fame and Prowess, brought the land of Sapadalaksha together with his chief ministers.

8.59 | Karpuradevi, Fortune embodied, took her two sons like Charity and Enjoyment and entered Ajayaraja's city.

8.60 | At the instant she entered, the country - like the Ocean receiving Ganga - attained both fullness and sanctity.

8.61 | In the line where Rama abandoned his kingdom at his father's command and went to the forest, Sudhava's son was said to have left a blemish.

8.62 | Kanchanadevi's son removed that blemish; such was the work destined for Prithviraja, an incarnation of Rama himself.

8.63 | He built a city bearing his father's name, making filial devotion visible in stone.

8.64 | Before it he raised varied palaces like counters tallying the mountain forts that had been broken.

8.65 | Among them he built the temple of Vaidyanatha, remedy for the disease of worldly existence, like the leader amid a herd of peaks.

8.66 | Within the pure edifice he installed Hari in a form of flawless style; there the father himself appeared wholly made of pure devotion.

8.67 | Installing his father in the embodied mode of poetry, the king made that heavenly city threefold in the Gaudi, Vaidarbhi, and Panchali styles.

8.68 | By installing Brahma, Vishnu, and Maheshvara in one place, the blessed king performed for his father a memorial rite embracing three generations.

8.69 | When he completed five temples that granted every desired fruit, the pride of Meru and of the celestial wish-tree was overcome.

8.70 | The divine mansions he built, filled with celestial women and attendants, seemed to leave Amaravati with scarcely any inhabitants.

8.71 | Having discharged his debt to his father through faultless sacred buildings, the king who had conquered the next world hastened to see him.

8.72 | 'How can I live in heaven with only one son, yet how can I abandon the boy Prithviraja?' - such seemed his dilemma.

8.73 | Therefore, leaving his vow-observing queen to protect the consecrated child, the father-devoted king went to heaven.

8.74 | Led by Chahaman and ending with Prithvibhata, all the Solar-dynasty kings came forward to welcome him.

8.75 | Among them he saw no enemy of his father, as though such a man had hidden from shame in the deepest hell.

8.76 | Joyfully circling him, the forefathers seemed to fulfill the sight of all their companions at once.

8.77 | Before he could mount the moving Kailasa, Airavata, Shiva's attendants conducted him to Kailasa itself.

8.78 | As he entered the blessed mountain, a third eye arose in his forehead, surpassing even the lotus-born beauty of his son Prithviraja's face.

8.79 | His and his wife's first ancestors, the Moon and Sun, kissed him together upon his left and right eyes.

8.80 | 'With Someshvara gone, I too should not remain' - Love seemed to worship him with a garland formed from the crescent of his own bow.

8.81 | 'Karpuradevi is my sister; why did you defeat her?' - as though in anger, Ganga seized him by the hair.

8.82 | 'Your son has taken Earth's burden from me,' thought Shesha, embracing him suddenly with the pale coils of his own fame.

8.83 | 'Your fame has made us lose our natural color, and your son will tolerate no crooked diadems' - so the serpent lords appeared to complain.

8.84 | As though speaking thus, the serpents embraced him as best they could at his ears, arms, heart, head, and feet.

8.85 | At his first sight of Shiva he seemed initiated by lamps formed from the row of jewels on the king of serpents' hoods.

8.86 | 'Do not go to your son: you are no longer needed, for he surpasses you' - the sacred ash seemed to make him austere with this counsel.

8.87 | He held the poison of Kali at his throat and barred its descent into the heart, as though purifying his son's future reign.

8.88 | The three torments seemed impaled upon the three points of Shiva's trident for the welfare of Prithviraja's subjects.

8.89 | He saw himself, pale as the Moon and mounted upon the bull, carried toward Shiva's abode by his own fame.

8.90 | In the birth of his son he beheld Fate, which human effort must conquer, as plainly as a fruit upon his palm.

8.91 | Absorbed into his son's radiance as into a sacred fire, he was adorned by the purified garlands of the guardians of the quarters' bones.

8.92 | He flayed Kali, who had come in elephant form to destroy holy Pushkara, and playfully clothed his body in the hide.

8.93 | As though averting the shame of an immortal king's mortal birth, Someshvara attained union with the Supreme Lord.

8.94 | Through the power of consecrating Vaidyanatha, he received in Shiva's abode the same honor as kings Marutta and Shveta.

8.95 | In Rudra's world he rejoiced to hear from Narada and others returning from their bath at Pushkara that his son's kingdom stood secure.

8.96 | Hearing that the king was a vessel of grace like Shveta, Death no longer entered his subjects before their appointed time.

8.97 | Shiva's attendants still look jealously at him when the Lord plants his foot upon Someshvara's back to mount the bull.

8.98 | The Ganges upon his head seemed drawn from the ocean of his citizens' goodwill to purify and enlarge the lake made by his son.

8.99 | That Mandakini upon his father's head, the badge of divine state, was the visible fruit of establishing the shrine of Varuna's arrow.

8.100 | Seeing all his forefathers gathered at Shiva's festival, he understood the Vedic truth that the son is one's own self.

8.101 | What more need be said? Like Shiva, he became all-pervading, as though to measure the limitless extent of Prithviraja's fame.

8.102 | Someshvara thought Kailasa blessed: his son, who uprooted the line of ten-headed Ravana's destroyer, now increased the mountain's glory like a second Vindhya, day and night, with masses of fame.

Sarga 9

After Someshvara's death, Karpuradevi safeguards the realm and the young Prithviraja is consecrated. His childhood kingship brings order, prosperity, martial promise, and wise counsel. The minister Kadambavasa, the maternal uncle Bhuvanaikamalla, and the prince Hariraja form the loyal human counterparts of Hanuman, Garuda, and Lakshmana around a Rama-like king.

9.1 | Karpuradevi, freed by her departed beloved from the burning bewilderment of grief, bore the fortune of her son like an unobstructed road to liberation.

9.2 | When the prince was consecrated, drops fell from a cloudless sky like cool particles from propitious planets, dispersing the unreasonable heat of oppressive action.

9.3 | Because the Moon and Sun are partial to their respective lines, they informed their mother that the Earth-born prince would never touch crookedness.

9.4 | With sacrifices nourishing the family of his disciples, the gods, Jupiter ceased transgression; what influence could Venus exert while Vishnu, foe of demons, stood firmly upon earth?

9.5 | Rahu, reduced by Hari to a mere face and now hunted by the king, was warned by the poet: 'Let Simhika's son not find peace here.'

9.6 | The quarters, filled to repletion by the snowy whiteness of the king's fame, suffered no burning; therefore Kali's dark cloud never spread through a comet's smoke.

9.7 | Governed by faultless planets, undivided Earth lived happily; even Yama, son of the Sun who rules the planetary circle, touched no subject before the proper time.

9.8 | Fearing excessive rain, the Ocean gave the clouds only the water they required, recalling how the former king Rama had shattered his pride with fiery missiles.

9.9 | Clouds welcomed by farmers grew strong in their season; the river, water from the feet of the Vishnu-like king, seemed to fill them even while they stood in the sky.

9.10 | Serpents fled, abandoning even the treasures hidden underground; how could rats, skilled only in moving through narrow holes, dare ravage the earth?

9.11 | No region lay beyond the fire of the king's power, and so nowhere could swarms of moths find an easy refuge.

9.12 | When the same Lord who destroyed Ravana's line returned to purify the earth, how could there be oppression by parrots and starlings - or by ministers named Shuka and Sarana?

9.13 | Even the celestial royal disk, the Moon, withdrew far before the king's fame; rulers came humbly near, and their contentment removed the people's affliction.

9.14 | As the sky in the rains is covered by clouds, so at autumn's arrival Earth was covered by heaps of grain gathered on threshing floors.

9.15 | Nothing remained to be sought in the prosperous borderlands; only householders' hearts were uneasy unless they saw the faces of mendicants, for scarcity existed solely among beggars.

9.16 | No one committed an offense, so whom could the king punish? Even Dharma, whose foot Kali had broken, received the ruler's favor and stood complete on all four feet.

9.17 | Because sacrificial fire, spring's presiding deity, was daily satisfied, his friend the wind did not shake flowers in spring, and fire, sated by offerings, did not frighten the mountains in summer.

9.18 | The raincloud displayed neither excessive generosity nor miserliness at the season's end; taught by royal policy, it adopted the middle course just as the provinces did.

9.19 | Birds and deer did not descend upon the rice fields, as if defeated by the watchful eyes of women intent on guarding the crop and content with mere grass.

9.20 | When the boy-king delighted in hunting, even winter winds did not blow harshly at night, as though deer had blocked the path of their deer-mounted lord.

9.21 | Although winter was an enemy of flowers, while the king protected good men it covered the earth with jasmine so thoroughly that snow seemed ashamed to fall.

9.22 | Though conquered by the king's beauty, Love was so honored that, at the sight of another's wife, young men seemed to use both hands to cover their eyes, setting aside bow and arrows.

9.23 | Through delightful festivals and ever-arriving guests, the earth seemed Amaravati; yet men's own pure deeds, not mere residence there, carried them to heaven.

9.24 | When night advanced and sage Agastya rose, uninterrupted Vedic recitation at every crossroads became the cause of dawn.

9.25 | Earth, brought to unsurpassed richness by the king's incomparable fame, produced water at the depth of a single pair of hands, like an unfailing elixir.

9.26 | Except for the month of Margashirsha there was no thief: watchmen guarded the nights, and hearing the Veda, even Kali withdrew.

9.27 | Though the fire of the king's power was famed, no man's limbs burned; Indra, in fear, deposited his bow among the clouds to cool it.

9.28 | The medicinal Moon did not act capriciously but contemplated the welfare of all beings; and no iron-footed Saturn was seen occupying the house abandoned by warriors' sons.

9.29 | Even with Yama's servants barred from movement, no army of the lord of demons entered the earth; Varuna forsook salinity even in the deserts and served only sweetness.

9.30 | The wind seemed to guard Lakshmi seated upon lotuses in forests beside lakes, while serpents kept no vigil over Kubera's treasures under the watchful king.

9.31 | The king himself shone with Vishnu's splendor, further strengthened by Rudra's power, and the entire circle of kings bowed to this undisputed twelvefold radiance.

9.32 | As Varuna, Wind, Fire, and the other forms worship the Supreme Lord, so all the obedient powers placed themselves within his radiance and served this ruler of the world.

9.33 | The mother of the king who bore all Rudra's splendor began building her own city, while stones and Shiva's bulls alike seemed equally eager to be brought there.

9.34 | Thus even in Kali's age Earth became the abode of the happiness of Rama's reign; the goddess of the Kalachuri line received the ripened fruit of her devotion to her husband.

9.35 | The middle world became fearful to both Jupiter and Venus: the former opposed by the king's intellect, the latter overcome by his generosity and strength.

9.36 | Kadambavasa, whose counsel even Indra and the other gods might desire in adversity, entered the king's service to protect the mountain-like ruler's six virtues.

9.37 | People called Kadambavasa another Hanuman, another Rudra; he sent others to guard the king's fame through the ten directions, but himself remained attendant upon every royal undertaking.

9.38 | Tested at every step by intelligence, he bore tawny marks like Kapila, yet his body of fame stretched beyond all four oceans without support.

9.39 | Like Kapila approaching the chariot-banner, the rays of the crowned king's diadem still carried the fire with which Hanuman had once burned the demon's city.

9.40 | Surrounded by his own splendor as the Ocean by jewels and the mountain by herbs, he acquired an inconceivable majesty of counsel.

9.41 | He united in himself height and depth, qualities dropped, as it were, by the mountain and Ocean exhausted from surpassing their limits.

9.42 | Serving as ornament and attendant to the royal line, he restored day and night the radiance that Moon and Sun had shed when frightened by the omen of eclipse.

9.43 | By that minister, skilled in every stratagem, deeds were accomplished through which the face-lotus of his youthful lord was kissed by the goddess of fresh sovereignty.

9.44 | The thunder of clouds that became hair for the mountain-shaped foe entered Kadambavasa's speech, as though seeking the dark-throated peacock that was its natural destination.

9.45 | To console Fortune who had come from the enemy's city and clung affectionately to his knees, the king's arms acquired the length of a chariot-yoke.

9.46 | His chest grew immensely broad, as though every branch of knowledge borne upon the serpent king's two thousand tongues had gathered and entered it.

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9.48 | His gait attained majestic slowness, as though it carried, all together, Earth's burden, the weight borne by the eight elephants of the quarters, and the fragrance of their ichor.

9.49 | Another extraordinary grace flared in his curling locks: eager to teach crooked expression to poets who celebrated his noble character, they seemed bent on rivaling Love's restless bow.

9.50 | His pair of eyes arose from his lotus-face as though Fortune herself had come under the sway of his glance, their right and left relations fixed by Kubera and Yama.

9.51 | The goddess of the earth rested upon his two arms, as though wishing to behold once more the two former bodies that had become the Boar for upholding Earth and the Man-Lion for daring valor.

9.52 | When he grew angry, the splendor proper to Kapila, Vishnu's western face, forcibly kissed his radiant countenance, as though unable to dwell anywhere else.

9.53 | In his eyes dwelt the beauty of lotus-born forms; in his curls, captivating darkness; and throughout his being, the purity associated with all nine earlier manifestations of Vishnu.

9.54 | Assuming the nine ancient marks of those former births, the king also took up their strength, for he had accepted the task proper to the Tenth Incarnation: making Earth free from affliction.

9.55 | The fine line of his beard, entering its dwelling upon his face, resembled a row of bees drawn by its lotus-fragrance and seemed the opening rite of Love's defeat, its blackness like the seed of that victory's fame.

9.56 | His cheek, brightened by rays from earring and pendant, approached the likeness of the Moon, as though seeking to remove the fever other kings had caused the goddess dwelling in his face.

9.57 | Though conquered by him in mind and body, Love became his follower, thinking: 'If I may learn the art of archery from this master, I shall become fearless.'

9.58 | What wonder is it that his arrows split stone? In a former age his first missile pierced Mount Krauncha, and afterward the force of his arms broke Shiva's bow.

9.59 | Sporting with a swift horse, the king surpassed even one mind; that was little, for his steeds were powerful enough to outrun the thoughts of many minds at once.

9.60 | Every horse he wished to mount seemed instantly to become Garuda, and every arrow he discharged from his bow seemed to assume the speed of that king of birds.

9.61 | Every rutting elephant he mounted seemed to become Fortune's own brother, Airavata; and every sword whose hilt his hand grasped became the earth's delight and Vishnu's Nandaka.

9.62 | Nothing belonging to this archer was easy to pierce, though it might be exceedingly unsteady, exceedingly remote, or exceedingly sharp - save only Love's heart, which possessed all those traits.

9.63 | On every night every moon-faced woman seemed to clasp him to her throat, as though he had again assumed the many forms useful to the lord of the multitude of cowherd women.

9.64 | Although both Spring and the Moon desired in their hearts to approach that inaccessible one, they never released Love, surely because they feared the world's reproach.

9.65 | Seeing the king served by youth obedient to discipline, what royal science did not enter his heart by force, like a woman overcome with affection?

9.66 | As though declaring, 'I alone can raise this fruitful Earth,' he displayed twenty arms, possessing the strength of plough, mountain, elephant, serpent, king of beasts, boar, lord of mountains, Death, and Rudra.

9.67 | Having slain Ravana, he seemed to attain a divine body and, with his twenty fingers, to uphold Earth after the guardian mountains had forgotten their task.

9.68 | Hearing with wonder that Narayana had been born again as a two-armed Brahmin to protect the moving and unmoving world, his kinsman Bhuvanaikamalla quickly came to him.

9.69 | Wish-granting trees dwell in Indra's quarter, jewels yielding every desired fruit upon Mount Rohana, and Shiva's beloved cow Surabhi sanctifies the northern quarter.

9.70 | How, then, could the western quarter attain a generosity worthy of such service? Surely it became holy through the dust of Bhuvanaikamalla's feet.

9.71 | Who can enter battle without indifference to the body, and what use is wealth to one who disregards the body? Thus he alone embodied every form of generosity and the defining mark of human purpose.

9.72 | Had the Moon and Sun not guarded Meru's two directions under the pretext of circling it to the right, he would have split the whole golden mountain and distributed it among petitioners.

9.73 | No jewel of Mount Rohana was capable of protecting it from Bhuvanaikamalla; only the sage Agastya, dear to Brahmins, preserved the southern mountain from this generous man.

9.74 | No lightning that frightened the eyes was ever seen, nor any thunder heard; people therefore marveled to behold the quarters filled with gold.

9.75 | Golden drops fell upon Earth like pollen shaken by wind from the gold lotuses of the celestial river, proclaiming an auspicious festival of the king's departure.

9.76 | Clouds with bellies swollen like golden rivers flowing from trees upon Meru's slopes repeatedly poured down gold, as though refining Earth's own metallic substance.

9.77 | Indra seemed, in due order, to restore Meru's two wings once cut by his thunderbolt, fashioning them again from showers of gold after his anger had yielded to grace.

9.78 | Brahma, facing every direction, seemed to vomit molten gold while entering heaven, as though the fifth mouth Shiva's fingernail had cut away made such a golden disgorging proper.

9.79 | Fire, who once performed the nearly impossible act of drinking Shiva's seed, climbed far into empty space and disgorged gold there, though newly offered oblations had become his food.

9.80 | Earth's son seemed first to gather every golden lotus-bed from within the celestial river and then, melting them with his own heat, to make the whole earth golden.

9.81 | When Garuda's wings were clipped in his crossing of the sky, celestial women seemed to bring down their golden fragments; the yellowed faces of the quarters marked their fall through the air.

9.82 | Gold rained without restraint, as though Brahma were filling his cosmic vessel before it burst: the king's far-ranging fame had left that vessel excessively crowded.

9.83 | [Much of the verse is lost in the source.] When the Lord was pleased, he brought the land of Bharata to an equality with Ilavrita; even the greatest exemplar sought Bhuvanaikamalla as his comparison.

9.84 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] When scions of the Lunar line became attendants of this Solar king, his subjects experienced neither oppressive heat nor torpor, as though an everlasting spring had arisen.

9.85 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] While Bhuvanaikamalla, whose power surpassed fate, devoted himself to increasing the prosperity of the eastern subjects, young Hariraja displayed the virtues proper to the passage from childhood into youth.

9.86 | Because, in a former birth, Indrajit's serpent-noose had overpowered the bodies of Rama and Lakshmana, Garuda now arose in the form of their maternal uncle and became the king's constant companion.

9.87 | Karpuradevi, daughter of the mountain king, shone with her sons Kumara and Vinayaka, while her heroic brother preserved the ancestral line with wings unbroken like Mount Mainaka's.

9.88 | His skill in subduing elephants and serpents was truly Garuda's, as was his speed in traversing the celestial path; yet, supporting Prithviraja, that fair-winged one abandoned his golden wings and assumed humanity.

9.89 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] Followed by Bhuvanaikamalla in Garuda's form and Kadambavasa in Hanuman's, the king assumed the power of Rama and became swift enough to cross all seven seas for the welfare of the world.

Sarga 10

Prithviraja enters youth, admired by royal women yet governed by restraint and generosity. His armies, elephants, cavalry, camels, and standards advance toward Gudapura. The sarga darkens into confrontation with destructive foreign forces, closing on the king's rising anger and determination to break their power.

10.1 | As his friendship with childhood broke apart at the approach of youth, Love ranged through every quarter, forging bonds between the king's intentions and those of royal maidens, beyond the reach of slanderous speech.

10.2 | Then Sita, wearied by separation in the former age, found relief by embracing him in many distinct forms - the women of his harem, each endowed with virtues equal to her own.

10.3 | Though attended by the beauty of fresh youth and capable of stealing the composure of faithful wives, the king's beauty served, as it were, as chamberlain to all the vine-like women of his age.

10.4 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] Sleep served him even when he rested upon the waters, but never entered the eyes of women eager to embrace him, as though jealous of their desire.

10.5 | Restraint and generosity served him like women subdued by love; yet even amid generous giving his Fortune never acquired the commonness of one available merely for the asking.

10.6 | Fate, rendered favorable by the two arms made unruly through supreme valor, repeatedly brought about occasions for him to descend into battle.

10.7 | Then, by an evil turn of fate, Nagarjuna - worthy of reproach - set himself upon seizing a prison-house, as though it were meant for the confinement of his own mother.

10.8 | Born the sole hero capable of extinguishing his father's fortune, which all other kings had failed to violate, the boy occupied the stronghold of Gudapura, craving to seize the sweetness of Earth.

10.9 | The godlike king, possessing the fortune of all human aims, went forth upon a daring campaign, while the Kadambavasa-wind calmed the fiery valor of Bhuvanaikamalla and prevented delay.

10.10 | In battle the king's circle of elephants became the companions of Hari in human form, like a clan of mountains dwelling in the ocean and granted safety by Mainaka, Parvati's brother.

10.11 | [Much of the verse is lost in the source.] An immeasurable host of horses followed the king, swift as though it were the splendid inheritance of Ucchaihshravas and moved through the very gaps of the sky.

10.12 | Behind the horse-army came the mass of camels, skilled in swallowing serpents, as though it regarded Shesha as the enemy of the king's fame, which had grown mighty through bearing Earth's excessive burden.

10.13 | A white host of bulls bounded through the army, as though it knew that the king had restored all four feet of Dharma at once - the feet Shiva's bull had lost one by one through three ages.

10.14 | The infantry moved with so delicate a fourfold tread that it seemed to avoid touching with merely two feet the earth honored as the king's beloved.

10.15 | Hearing that he was the jewel among all supporters of the dark-hued Lord, full moons past and future seemed to approach him in the form of spotless white parasols.

10.16 | In every quarter, circles of parasols stretched like peacock tails, as though all seven oceans had poured out the entire circle of rainbows from the clouds.

10.17 | The quarters, attended by thousands of swaying fly-whisks both dark and white, made Earth appear graced by the moonbeams of the Perfect Age, pursuing the darkness of frightened Kali.

10.18 | The moving expanses of banner-cloth seemed dispatched to place, after careful division, the burning heat of royal valor within the hearts of enemy women.

10.19 | The countless rims of chariot-wheels ploughed Earth again and again, as though seeking to draw out the painful darts other rulers had implanted in her.

10.20 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] The camel-host bore its streaming banners over ground broken by chariot wheels, joining sameness and strangeness in a single spectacle.

10.21 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] Through the answering thunder of the drums, the king seemed to summon the messengers of Death to crush the enemy host.

10.22 | Pressed down by the army's weight, Earth bowed while the mountains rose; unable to bear the advancing king, the chain of peaks seemed to begin its flight.

10.23 | When the camels' impetuous tread was heard in the subterranean world, they seemed eager to descend and help Shesha, who had become helpless beneath his excessive burden.

10.24 | The echoes of the booming drums carried a message from the lords of the quarters: Earth was cracking under the burden of the elephants that supported her.

10.25 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] While this ruler shattered the enemy's forces, even speech proved unequal to declaring the full weight of his advance.

10.26 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] The army seemed to assume Shesha's form so that its innumerable ranks might share the task of bearing Earth.

10.27 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] The sky, first hidden by successive hosts of celestial-looking horses, could scarcely be measured even by the rising mass of elephants.

10.28 | The camps established along the march, their standards like uplifted arms, crushed the pride of the Pushpaka and the other royal vehicles once carried away by ten-headed Ravana.

10.29 | Royal Fortune embraced the king with devotion like Indra's daughter; the ceaseless breezes from elephants' ears drove away the chill of her lingering fear.

10.30 | Then the king encircled Gudapura, guided in his advance by the hearts of the women who had gathered along every road, while the lofty spectacle of war rose before them.

10.31 | The lion-roars of the royal army strove to split the hearts of those within the fortress, like auspicious hymns recited for Death as he prepared to feast at the unequal sacrifice of battle.

10.32 | Warned, as it were, by Kali who had come beside him from fear of the earthly king, Vigraharaja's son abandoned even the warrior's law he loved and fled to some unknown place.

10.33 | Though many men capable of battle remained, he failed to attain the death that would have averted disgrace, for his union with combat had been severed by fear.

10.34 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] Though he had fallen into the darkness of disgrace, Devabhata and other heroes preserved what remained of his courage and life.

10.35 | The king made true the widespread saying that a headless man is free from fever: the crushing weight of his arms sent the severed heads of enemies away from every care.

10.36 | Bowing her head as though to follow the brave men fallen upon Earth, the hostile king's mother was brought away together with the women of his household.

10.37 | The king's arrows entered their quiver ashamed, as though it were improper for pilgrims to the ocean of enemy blood to drink the forbidden blood of men.

10.38 | When the victorious king entered his city, a terrifying garland of opposing warriors' heads hung like a festoon at Ajayameru's gate and barred Fortune from ever departing.

10.39 | All rulers of the northwestern quarter might be as powerful as its Wind, yet the Lord of Horses alone, endowed with innate valor, surpassed them all.

10.40 | The king rendered even that roaring foreigner as ineffectual and contemptible as an autumn cloud without rain; his enmity toward cattle alone sustained the name by which he was known.

10.41 | That embodiment of Kali's law, sinful through attacks upon cattle, sought the infamous office of envoy whose task was to eclipse the splendor of the entire circle of kings.

10.42 | Without considering the king's consecrated resolve to destroy the man-devouring invaders, the sinner sent a single envoy before Ajayameru, the earthly Meru.

10.43 | The envoy bore a head reduced to baldness, its broad forehead seeming created by Fate as a tablet on which to inscribe the endless record of tawny cows slaughtered.

10.44 | Sparse patches of hair clung to him as though summoned by the Dark Age itself; the dark clusters looked like grapes from his native country reflected upon his scalp.

10.45 | His speech, impure in sound and stripped of proper syllables, resembled the cries of birds wandering in a forest; shame upon such a voice and such a body.

10.46 | His pallor, fit only for a winding-sheet, seemed summoned from the snowy northern quarter of his birth and clung to his body like a loathsome disease.

10.47 | Born in impurity and wearing an animal hide as a jacket, he seemed embraced by the very skin whose purity could never belong to such a body.

10.48 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] His limbs sank at their joints, while the six limbs of alien kings seemed to have taken refuge in him as in a fortress.

10.49 | Through the truthless enemies Earth was obstructed tenfold: speech by linguistic faults, the quarters by masses of troops, waters and rays by defilement, heaven and earth by sin, weapons by hardness and iron, cattle by slaughter, and the land itself by bows.

10.50 | While the Gurjara warriors, cast down by those foreign demons, sank in battle, the fearsome bend of Prithviraja's brow proclaimed both the limit of his universal conquest and the hour of the invaders' skulls being broken.

10.51 | A dark, crooked line tinged with rising red appeared upon the king's forehead: like a sudden thundercloud attended by lightning, it climbed to his hairline to quench the blaze of his enemies' power.

Sarga 11

Kadambavasa counsels the king not to waste his strength on enemies already destined to destroy one another, invoking the tale of Sunda, Upasunda, and Tilottama. The court bard Prithvibhata unfolds a rich Ramayana panorama before a painting of the celestial woman. Prithviraja becomes absorbed in Tilottama's beauty and withdraws from ordinary pleasure.

11.1 | [The opening of the verse is lost in the source.] The king's splendor concealed every other light and pervaded his noble face.

11.2 | Reflected in the faces of the subordinate rulers as in mirrors, the Sun-like king's brilliance attained a thousand faces.

11.3 | Then the learned king was approached by Kadambavasa, a minister marked by courage, mastery, truthfulness, and loyalty.

11.4 | 'King, this is no moment for anger, and these enemies are unworthy of your might. Does Garuda display his power against snakes already burned by fire?

11.5 | Like Tilottama of surpassing beauty, your royal Fortune will, through the pattern of Sunda and Upasunda, cause your enemies to destroy one another.'

11.6 | While the minister spoke thus, the doorkeeper, bowing in humility and his eyes bewildered by the king's radiance, made a sign.

11.7 | A man holding a letter had arrived from the sphere of the gods, his blossoming face seeming to exhale limitless joy.

11.8 | Hearing the doorkeeper's words, the lord of Bharata ordered, 'Admit him at once,' and the attendant quickly brought in the messenger.

11.9 | With a few measured words whose sweetness echoed the serenity of his face, the messenger began with the Gurjaras and described the terrible defeat of the Ghurid.

11.10 | 'Lakshmi, sister of Ucchaihshravas, has again been stained,' the Ocean's waves seemed to thunder in anger, flinging themselves about.

11.11 | 'The Moon, king of Brahmins, is my brother, and Garuda, king of birds, is my lord; how could union with this elephant-like outcaste be proper for me?' Thus Fortune abandoned him.

11.12 | His whole army abandoned him and fled, presenting only backs scarred with wounds, as though unable to face the impure tusk-like front of his mouth.

11.13 | Hearing that only the enemy's infamy remained and that his army had gone to the Lord of Horses, Prithvibhata began to address the king.

11.14 | 'My lord, do not scorn yourself. Count yourself fortunate to have a minister who sees what is yet to come.

11.15 | Royal Fortune, enamored of you as protector of the earth, became like Tilottama: the instrument that would destroy the two greed-blinded Ghurid brothers.

11.16 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] Vishnu himself once asked what comparison could be found for Lakshmi; the answer is the beauty now before you.

11.17 | A bard named Prithvibhata, practiced in hundreds of histories and dwelling near the abode of Rama, repeated these words before the king.

11.18 | The lovely name 'Tilottama' has four syllables, O godlike king; separately and together they make the five arrows of Love.

11.19 | Brahma gathered the finest portions of beauty from Rambha and the other celestial women and created her to bring about the destruction of the demons.

11.20 | The bard again spoke a history: by the mere sight of her face, the brothers Sunda and Upasunda turned the tree of their lives into the weapon of mutual war.

11.21 | As though fearing that the Moon might share the bliss of her face, Fate afflicted that pale orb with the wasting disease.

11.22 | Even the beauty of celestial women became dependent upon her form, so that Love worships her even when she exists only in a painting.

11.23 | Wherever your history from the former age is painted, O king, she too appears there; see how she follows even the son of Earth.

11.24 | When Prithvibhata had spoken, the king rewarded and dismissed the messenger, consulted all his ministers, and entered the picture-gallery.

11.25 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] There the king looked upon the painted histories and asked that each scene be explained.

11.26 | With the eight heads he severed from Ravana, the Lord made his eight cosmic forms subject to that demon; as a ninth fruit he granted death by your hand, but stopped Ravana when he reached to cut the tenth.

11.27 | Though Ravana brought Shesha, Airavata, the Sun's steed, Dhanvantari, and the others from their distant birthplace in the Ocean, they still languished, unable to bear the blow to their fame.

11.28 | After conquering the world-roaming Pushpaka and carrying it to Lanka as a pleasure-palace, ten-headed Ravana remained unsatisfied and tried to tear up Kailasa, Kubera's mountain, thereby enraging Shiva.

11.29 | When Ravana, dark as a raincloud, was reflected in the crystal mountain he had lifted, Shiva's body too seemed to assume a terrifying, death-like form, while the Moon upon his brow appeared as its conspicuous pale face.

11.30 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] Until Lakshmi abandons Lanka in fear and seeks you, the sleeping serpent-host raises hymns to the mighty Lord.

11.31 | When Ravana's outrages were reported before you and the gods bowed their faces in shame, your embodied weapons blazed fiercely, conquering even the darkness of the netherworld.

11.32 | The gods, after long service at your feet and bathing in the Ganges of your toenail-rays, rose to heaven with joy greater than on the day nectar was drawn from the Milk Ocean.

11.33 | When the gods departed, Earth, reflected at the center of Lakshmi's mirror while she massaged your feet, seemed to desire entry into your innermost palace.

11.34 | At the sages' assembly, Rishyashringa - who had married Shanta and performed the son-granting sacrifice for Savitra's king - should be considered here; hearing his name, the golden vessel trembles upon the brow of Love and fills a complete offering-bowl.

11.35 | 'This milk-rice oblation is the Moon; this golden bowl that bears it is the Sun; and this divine man is Fire': for the destruction of night-roaming demons, the three lights were joined in one.

11.36 | As though sweeping away the dimming of Vishnu's splendor, long caused by sleep within the Ocean, with the noise of sages' chants and the son's sacrifice in fire, a divine being placed the god's embodied power in King Dasharatha's two hands.

11.37 | From Dasharatha, divided between Kausalya and Kaikeyi like the Moon's nectar divided between Sarasvati and Lakshmi, Sumitra received two radiant shares; thus royal Policy attained completeness in four sons, the four aims of life.

11.38 | Recognize in that birth your own former incarnation, the one named Rama: even in the birthing chamber your hand placed its fingers in your mouth as though silently counting the heads of Ravana.

11.39 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] This is Kausalya, whose left breast you drank; this Kaikeyi, whose breast Bharata drank; and this modest Sumitra, mother of the other two sons.

11.40 | Here Rama and Bharata are joined like Sun and Narayana, while Lakshmana and Shatrughna stand like Vinata's sons Aruna and Garuda.

11.41 | This is the house of your initiation; within it Vasistha serves as its ornament, seeming to encircle his own body with your brilliance, which surpassed even the Sun's.

11.42 | The sage's raised fingernail-rays successively adorned the five crests of all four boys; by that fivefold consecration, even in this later birth, no wicked course appears in you.

11.43 | This is sage Vishvamitra, extending his hand before King Dasharatha to take you as the instrument of his sacrifice, though his austerities had already made Brahma grant him the fearful three worlds as a plaything.

11.44 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] Earth, once afflicted by Vishvamitra's raising and casting down of Trishanku, now finds stability beneath your foot while Shesha gladly bears it upon his head.

11.45 | Struck by your single arrow, Tataka - her heart pierced - stands here facing the oceanward path of her son Maricha; the river of blood streaming from her mountain-like breasts seems to carry her swiftly toward him.

11.46 | See Ahalya here: Indra had drawn all her beauty from Airavata's temples, leaving hardness only in her breasts; your radiance removes the stony torment Gautama imposed through long austerity.

11.47 | This is Vishvamitra's hermitage. Having slain Subahu, your arrow, aided by a strong tailwind as though by the slain demon's life-breath, teaches Maricha the swift movement suitable to his later illusion as a deer.

11.48 | This city Mithila before you is your father-in-law's dwelling. By first setting the tip of your bow upon the ground and then bending Shiva's body of wood, your arm's greatness won the Earth-born daughter from King Janaka.

11.49 | You blush because you broke that unfamiliar bow: Shiva had drawn it only gently, fearing that a hard pull might split the two halves of his body whose union with Gauri still lingered in memory.

11.50 | This sage, Bhargava Rama, purifies our sight; from the divine pair of eyes formed by Moon and Sun arose two streams of royal warriors like tears of joy, yet with the play of his arms he destroyed that whole lineage.

11.51 | Bhargava worships you with flowers of the pale radiance of his embarrassed smile: the noble warrior's law met in his downcast face when your youthful arm softly broke the bow once kept in his father-in-law's house.

11.52 | One Rama had abandoned the earth he conquered, while the other restored it to kings; therefore the faces of the defeated and victorious Ramas stand equally bowed before one another.

11.53 | This King Dasharatha enters Ayodhya followed by four sons whose charming beauty obeys him and whose fame and splendor eclipsed in every quarter the paired fame and heat of Jamadagni's son.

11.54 | Bharata goes to his maternal grandfather's house as though drawn by Ravana's unseen cord, lest his presence and devotion to Dharma prevent the elder brother's exile.

11.55 | Rama leaves Ayodhya with Sita like a bow bound by a string of virtues and with Lakshmana like a quiver at his left, fearing that a royal consecration obtained through his father's falsehood would make truth stumble.

11.56 | At Shringaverapura, as Rama assumes matted hair, Janaka's daughter covers her eyes with her hands, unable to bear the transformation of her newly victorious beloved.

11.57 | Here at the hermitage in the jujube forest, Guha becomes the single companion of Rama and Lakshmana, as though they were Nara and Narayana dwelling at Badari.

11.58 | The forest, thinking itself brother to Janaka's daughter because both were born from the earth, shows her the fullest hospitality; this first hermitage is Chitrakuta.

11.59 | Hanuman, carrying Ganga upon his head, comes near Rama after informing him that Dasharatha - whose earthly duties ended in protecting his truth - has gone to heaven; like Ganga upon Shiva, he shines only with his mass of matted hair.

11.60 | Wearing the divine pigment Anasuya gave upon her breast, Sita sits here; Indra, disguised as a crow and touching it, loses one eye, and all crows inherit his one-eyed condition.

11.61 | When Earth was blocked by Viradha's great body, the crows desired Indra's thousand eyes, yet through the offense of Jayanta in crow-form they lost even their natural pair.

11.62 | With the hand purified by sipping up the Ocean placed upon your head, sage Agastya transfers his own splendor into Rama - the same sage who humbled Vindhya and Nahusha when both sought to rise above Meru.

11.63 | This Panchavati surpasses the five wish-granting trees because it gives refuge to sages; Lakshmana is the protective mark here, cutting away the deceitful marks of Shurpanakha.

11.64 | Rama, devoted to his wife, offered fourteen thousand night-roamers as fivefold oblations to the digestive fires of vultures, after Lakshmana had first prepared Shurpanakha's ears and nose for the sacrifice.

11.65 | When the fourteen thousand night-roamers lost their heads, fourteen forms of trunk-like terror arose; throughout the fourteen worlds, frightened beings delayed even Shiva's dance at day's end.

11.66 | This is the land where animals slain by hunters reached heaven merely by hearing the fame of Rama sung by forest women; yet Maricha, though himself an illusory deer, paid with life for abducting Sita.

11.67 | Knowing that even divine radiance could not reveal the form capable of drawing Janaka's daughter's mind so far away, ten-headed Ravana assumed ugliness before he entered the hermitage.

11.68 | Jatayu, rich in honor, sent ahead his life - swift as his youthful flight - to his boyhood friend Dasharatha in heaven; his wings cut by the night-roamer, he would not raise his severed neck.

11.69 | Using Jatayu's body as sacred fuel, Rama purified the all-devouring fire and, recognizing Ravana as his father's friend's killer, sanctified Sugriva's head though it bore the grim plaything of Dundubhi's skeleton.

11.70 | This unbearable arrow passed through seven palm trees that stood like victory-pillars over the seven worlds before falling; it shattered the heart of Vali, whose arms Ravana had once failed to squeeze after Kartavirya's bowstring had numbed them.

11.71 | As that son - capable of restraining Ravana's arms - fell upon the mountain and rose to heaven, Rama was drenched by dense rain like a thousand streams of tears, expressing joy and grief at once.

11.72 | Learning from Sampati of his brother Jatayu's ascent to heaven, Hanuman crossed the ocean and acted in Lanka so mightily that the six guardians of the quarters praised him, his father Wind, and his father's friend Fire.

11.73 | Hanuman placed Rama's signet-ring in the goddess's hand, received her jewel of recognition, and reported the whole burning of Lanka to the lord whose promise never failed.

11.74 | [The opening of the verse is lost in the source.] Countless monkey-warriors, disciplined by the burden of their vows, filled the sky with tawny color and drank up every quarter.

11.75 | The bridge's ceaseless pounding denied the Ocean its old title 'mine of jewels': mountain fragments struck from elephants and peaks produced a new rain of gems, while monkey-hosts flashed around the cloud-like king like lightning.

11.76 | See these monkeys, whose blaze outshines even the golden ramparts of Lanka; the wall, pure within and crowned by their heads, seems furnished with an extra row of monkey-shaped battlements.

11.77 | Here is the colloquy of Rama and Ravana, terrible and unequal, while headless trunks of dark demons and tawny monkeys whirl together in a single dance.

11.78 | The serpents discharged by Indrajit did not bind Rama and Lakshmana tightly, for they recognized Rama as the Lord who reclines upon Shesha and Lakshmana as Shesha himself.

11.79 | To destroy Lakshmana's devotion to following his elder, Ravana planted the spear in his heart; Hanuman at once opposed and removed it.

11.80 | Hanuman, carrying Drona mountain and crossing the ocean, broke Ravana's heart, while Lakshmana, Dasharatha's third son, slew Indrajit; how much greater was this than Ravana's brief lifting of Kailasa?

11.81 | Hearing that Indrajit had fallen and his pyre was blazing, Kumbhakarna - whose ears and nose Sugriva had uselessly cut away - seemed to retain only his father Vishravas's name.

11.82 | Rama's arrow became Agastya; at its onset the Vindhya-like Kumbhakarna, who blocked the path of the Moon and Sun, fell never to rise again.

11.83 | Ten-headed Ravana displayed the hundred sharp rays of his fingernails in battle as though he held in his hand the hundred thunderbolts of the Indra he had defeated.

11.84 | Remembering the pain of the fifth face once cut away by Shiva's nail-rays, Brahma quickly rejoined the heads of his great-grandson whenever they were severed.

11.85 | Ravana performed an immediate tenfold penance before the daughter of Videha: he had once shown her Rama's counterfeit head, sportfully biting the sacred fifth fire, and now paid for it with his own ten heads.

11.86 | Though nine heads had fallen, Fortune did not leave Ravana until Rama cut the tenth; then she divided equally among the faces of the quarters.

11.87 | Mandodari saw Lanka's gateway hung with the faces of her husband and his sons; though the prisoned gods beheld her with tear-filled eyes and her heart was hard as diamond, she did not cast away her life.

11.88 | Sita too emerged from the fire with beauty brighter than before, as though she had already become gold; by restraining anger and reproach she had brought even the blazing fire under control.

11.89 | Her feet, already worshiped by Hanuman - who had bathed in the heavenly river of devotion - then made pure both the earth stained by Ravana's touch and the Pushpaka stained by carrying him.

11.90 | When the demon mounted it, Kubera's divine vehicle moved slowly, heavy with shame at its forcible theft; when Rama entered it, the craft bore his greater weight so lightly that even Garuda feared he was an inferior bearer.

11.91 | Sugriva and Vibhishana, though freed from enemies and placed in royal fortune by Rama, found less delight than Hanuman did in one fortunate glance Sita gave him after the burning of Lanka.

11.92 | The wandering form of Shiva's fire gave birth to Hanuman, as flame nourishing the serpents that ornament Shiva; in his youth the son of Kesari aided Vishnu just as Kumara had done.

11.93 | To make Sita's heart, Rama's, and Lakshmana's breast free of their wounds, Hanuman crossed the Ocean twice; therefore the flawless Pushpaka carries the speed approved by him.

11.94 | The painted vine upon the Pushpaka seems marked by the bowstring-line from Rama's arm, the very sign Sita had imagined upon her beloved while captive in Lanka; now it shines beside her face like a tender shoot.

11.95 | As Rama's glory, the Sun that dispelled the night of the demon race, rose in full splendor, Matali conducted to heaven the divine chariot by paths of fire opened through Ravana's twenty thousand arrow-wounds.

11.96 | Indra's chariot, bearing a thousand horses, was driven by Matali, as though the Sun had dispatched his own thousand rays to Rama to extinguish the night-roamers' light.

11.97 | At Nandigrama, the reward of their eyes' merit, Sugriva and Vibhishana bowed in shame on seeing Bharata cast at Rama's feet the mass of matted hair he had borne together with the earth's burden.

11.98 | This is Ayodhya, worthy of meditation even by Brahma and the other gods. Its citizens feast their eyes upon the Lord whose mere sight carries beasts beyond the ocean of becoming, as the monkeys had crossed the earthly sea.

11.99 | The consecration waters gathered from every ocean, river, and holy place and sanctified by Janaka's daughter made the monkey and demon hosts, flashing like clouds with lightning, remind the human-formed First Cause of his watery cosmic abode.

11.100 | As the drama that appeased King Anaranya's wrath began with Ravana's death, the sages in Dasharatha's line, from the Sun down, seemed assigned roles, while Menaka and her companions were instructed in their parts at Amaravati.

11.101 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] This is Tilottama before you, O godlike king: the meeting place of beauty and grace; Sunda and Upasunda, misplaced in their passion, were destroyed when her glance touched them.

11.102 | Behold her acting the guise of Janaka's daughter and delighting Rama's heart; when his eyes rested upon her in secrecy, the jealous goddess Sita entered the earth and never touched him again.

11.103 | Surely this celestial woman so mastered the god through her portrayal of Janaka's daughter that, indifferent to all other men, she longs to make him hers in later births as well.

11.104 | While Prithvibhata narrated this splendid former life cherished in the king's heart, Prithviraja grew deeply restless; Tilottama, visible in the painting, made even him seem fixed within a picture.

11.105 | The news that the royal sage had renounced every pleasure in his palace spread through the quarters; Love himself, present in the king's heart from birth, found no room to remain beside that sorrow.

Sarga 12

Love overwhelms Prithviraja as he contemplates the painted Tilottama. Courtiers observe his anguish, and the poet-reciter reveals his own identity and lineage while beginning the celestial woman's story. The surviving verses become increasingly fragmentary, and the manuscript breaks off at 12.78 with Love directing her destiny toward the king.

12.1 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] The king's two eyes, skilled in unwavering meditation upon Tilottama, acquired a doubled state suitable to that moment, like the three-eyed Shiva's vision.

12.2 | When that stream of nectar for the eyes entered the king's sight, his vision did not grow dull; only then did he understand that Fate had not fashioned her from ordinary substances.

12.3 | The king's eyes, ears, and mind blossomed together; Love therefore became truly Five-arrowed, for five enlarged targets now stood before him.

12.4 | Love emerged from the chamber of Shiva's eye and, approaching even this king of blazing power, felt no fear, for one who serves fire no longer dreads its heat.

12.5 | He bore a bow made from flowers of many forms, darkened by clustered bees, as though Indra himself had given it from his hand in hope of conquering the earthly Indra.

12.6 | Touching its bee-line string again and again, he made it gray with the faint smoke of the enemy Shiva, where tiny tongues of flame from the blossoms had taken residence.

12.7 | The five wish-granting trees of heaven, which bear fruit according to desire, seemed themselves to offer Love the five flower-arrows that he would now straighten upon the string.

12.8 | Love resolved to fight the earthly king: 'He worships the very Shiva who burned me, though I had come only to help Uma.'

12.9 | When Love drew his floral bow, pollen made the quarters tawny, as though celestial women, seeing their husband's heart carried toward a mortal beauty, had scattered themselves in agitation.

12.10 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] Even the two divine youths formerly spared by Love's arrows had learned the weapon's course; their hands had once split Mount Krauncha.

12.11 | The king was subdued by Love's flower-arrows, sharpened by Lakshmi's permission and the joy of spring, while bewilderment brought Moon and intoxication into equal balance.

12.12 | After releasing four arrows and embracing the fifth - Death - Love placed Tilottama in the king's heart like a woman entering a house with four chambers.

12.13 | He swooned, was overcome by sleep, burned with fever, and spoke incoherently; through those four conditions the celestial woman gained sovereignty over his fourteenfold inner being.

12.14 | Once, through pleasing Indra beyond measure, Tilottama had received the power of minuteness; thus, fine as a lotus-fiber, she entered the king's pure and subtle mind.

12.15 | When Love blocked the king's heart with arrows made from flowers of Lakshmi's brother, the goddess dwelling in his face delighted in the fragrance of his breath.

12.16 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] The celestial woman seemed to bring immortality as a gift merely by entering his heart, for the king's two eyes became utterly unblinking.

12.17 | The hairs upon his body rose in a single whirling storm, as though exclaiming, 'We alone shall be witnesses when the king embraces his new bride.'

12.18 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] A few drops fell before him from his eyes and lodged between the cheeks - not sweat, but particles of the nectar he had drunk through Tilottama's sight.

12.19 | Through the bard's lovely speech, she seemed raised upon the king's lap, as though the Moon, jealous of her deer-like eyes and many virtues, had sent down his own deer-mark.

12.20 | Love, first among all disturbers, reduced to helplessness the very king who had protected the established order of every social estate throughout the earth.

12.21 | Having attained Indra's rank, the king had first displayed altered accents of rule across the whole earth; now, enamored of a celestial woman, he showed an altered voice in his final utterance.

12.22 | His mortal body trembled as though merely provisional, anticipating that he would soon regain his divine form to approach this foremost celestial woman.

12.23 | His cool, eyelash-born tears instantly grew hot, as if Love had installed the Sun in place of the Moon to inflame the king.

12.24 | Because the image written in his heart appeared lovelier than the painting standing before him, he recognized in truth that the realm of imagination surpasses even visible beauty.

12.25 | She dwelt in his heart like Indra's Nandana garden, where Love stood ever in bloom and wish-granting trees arose from thoughts of celestial women.

12.26 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] Though severed from the painted form, the image joined the wealth of his genuine feelings, steeped in the essence of love.

12.27 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] First the painter's skill brought forth drops of sweat; then the drum of midday sounded through the chamber.

12.28 | When the drum sounded in the picture-gallery, the king submerged his eyes in the painting until the duty of the midday rite compelled him to depart.

12.29 | Recognizing that his lord's attachment to the beautiful celestial woman was of such a kind, Prithvibhata counted his own offense and reflected in his mind.

12.30 | 'If the minister compared royal Fortune to Tilottama, how did I repeat that comparison without first examining what she was truly like?

12.31 | Why did I show the picture-gallery, full of such doubtful wonders, where Love led the king's mind to the target of his arrows?

12.32 | Where is Tilottama, jewel of heaven, and where is sovereignty upon a human sphere? Such a union cannot be accomplished without the Supreme Person.

12.33 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] Only the goddess of hope can grant this desire within my mind; may Kadambavasa's words prove no source of harm to the king.

12.34 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] The very man who first let Tilottama's name fall before the king will surely raise him from this crisis as well.

12.35 | If Earth's Brihaspati accomplished that comparison through devotion to his lord, Tilottama herself will come and make her home with him.

12.36 | This would not be unprecedented: did not Urvashi, a celestial woman, love Pururavas? And did not Indumati in the form of the heavenly Harini choose Aja?

12.37 | Love, though defeated, surely does not recognize this king as another body of Shiva himself; otherwise how could he again assail him?

12.38 | Tilottama must therefore have descended to earth like Ganga, and before long she will attain union with the lord of rivers and of brave men.

12.39 | Thus, by the strength of sound judgment, Prithvibhata rose from the deep, uncrossable ocean of worry and, foremost among eloquent men like Yudhishthira among the truthful, began to speak.

12.40 | 'O king, while your eyes remain fixed so long upon the painted maiden, your ancestor the Sun lingers in the middle of the sky as though smiling.

12.41 | For a moment the Sun abandons his upward course beside the celestial river, as though letting his horses recover from their labor of traversing the sky.

12.42 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] Seeing the lotus safely touched by the Sun's rays, Chaya, mother of Saturn, withdrew to a distant place.

12.43 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] While you remain among painted rulers, even shadow grows extremely slight, as though the drawn kings had become your servants.

12.44 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] From the moon-disk of the celestial woman's painted face, words of reminder reached the king.

12.45 | To release the assembled kings at Love's wish, the first attendant dismissed the rulers; with the king's eyes and mind stolen by the painted doe-eyed woman, the other senses wandered blindly from their tasks.

12.46 | He did not hear the bard singing outside - the very son of nectar-born fame - nor notice the cooling sprinkle of sandal-water.

12.47 | He neither enjoyed the prepared betel roll nor found pleasure in the water-soaked breeze fragrant with camphor essence.

12.48 | With steps slow as though instructed by the celestial woman still fixed in his mind, he somehow emerged from the picture-gallery when the three watches had passed.

12.49 | After completing the auspicious daily observance, the bard took leave of the king and departed slowly as the young Sun's brilliance weakened.

12.50 | Wondering, 'How could a horse, even when able, bear me while I carry such a burden of anguish?' the king refused to mount the steed his attendants brought.

12.51 | He walked home with lowered face, as though asking Earth: 'By what path will the beautiful bride who loves your guardian come to you?'

12.52 | A thought that had never arisen even in his mind, though skilled in imagining a hundred alternatives, suddenly manifested through a violent throbbing of his right eye.

12.53 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] His bodily preceptor seemed to promise a festival of sight, for the auspicious throbbing was experienced in the right eye.

12.54 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] As he reflected that the king's desire might indeed succeed, a newly arrived learned man recited this verse.

12.55 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] 'Lakshmi arose from the Ocean; Urvashi too came forth from the waters; what can men endowed with heroic purpose fail to obtain?'

12.56 | 'Sita was born from Earth, and Draupadi from fire: what can men possessed of high endeavor not obtain?' Hearing this, his worry at once grew lighter.

12.57 | The timely assurance, a pleasure-pool of nectar for his ears, began to ease the burning that afflicted him.

12.58 | Bowing with joined palms before the gathered circle of poets and learned men, he summoned Padmanabha, the wise minister descended from Vigraharaja.

12.59 | 'Who composed this otherworldly utterance, and who recited it? Who is this foreigner whose northern curls are hidden beneath a close-wrapped turban?'

12.60 | 'The very man who is being questioned, O king, is both author and reciter. If you know my words to be true, I shall answer what you ask.'

12.61 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] Prithvibhata answered the bard: 'A drop of falsehood cannot remain for even a moment upon the lotus of your lord's face.'

12.62 | 'Prithvibhata is a man of great honor,' said the dignitary; 'he is the rising Sun in revealing another's virtues and deepest night in covering another's faults.'

12.63 | 'He is both scholar and poet, newly arrived from the realm of Sharada after journeying by the paths of Veda, sacred tradition, holy places, and austerity. His name is Jayanaka.'

12.64 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] Sarasvati rejoices in this son Jayanaka as Parvati rejoices in Kumara, for wisdom and poetic power arise together in him.

12.65 | He had submitted a petition to Shiva, whose crest is adorned by the crescent Moon.

12.66 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] 'If my devotion is free from any betrayal, fulfill at once the desire I hold in my heart.'

12.67 | That very moment he set out to taste the ripened fruit of the wish-tree of worshiping the Lord: honorable reception in an assembly of poets and scholars.

12.68 | Asked why he had left his own city, the poet Jayanaka began to describe the one whose greatness exceeded the reach of speech.

12.69 | It is said that there was a great sage, Upamanyu, for whom Shiva made the Ocean of Milk - his own couch - flow like water.

12.70 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] From Upamanyu's lineage, a succession rich in devotion to Shiva, arose the tradition that nourished this poet.

12.71 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] Sharada, pleased with him as he sat with closed eyes, appeared to him at sunrise.

12.72 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] Placing her foot upon the jeweled city, the goddess sanctified him like Ganga-water in which he had bathed.

12.73 | [Part of the verse is lost in the source.] 'Serve me through six births and the six paths of speech; then celebrate the human form of Hari, Prithviraja, in poetry.'

12.74 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] Tilottama, weary from long performance in Indra's city, entered Ganga's waters to refresh herself.

12.75 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] The Moon, knowing she had come with the desire for union, was drawn to her and entered the water beside her.

12.76 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] Seeing the ravaged lotuses and the terrifying scene, she remembered her beloved dwelling among the lotus-beds.

12.77 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] Since Love granted the vision immediately after his own destruction, he brought her under the sway of Fortune.

12.78 | [Most of the verse is lost in the source.] Love, standing upon the bank of the heavenly river, fixed his desire upon the lord of men; the surviving manuscript breaks off here.